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A GERMAN "BAD."

DEEP within a narrow valley, lies a busy little town,
While set as for its coronet, each mountain bears a chapel crown.

Every tongue on earth that's spoken, in that Babel mingled go,
Those whose characters are broken, those whose lives are white as snow.

Some for pleasure, some for play, ever march, ing to and fro, —
Sick and well and grave and gay, — up and down the crowd doth flow.

Through the valley runs a river, bright and rocky, cool and swift,
Where the wave with many a quiver, plays around the pine-tree's drift.

But within the town the streamlet forms a clear and shallow pool,
Each detail reflected clearly, down amidst its shadows cool.

All the men, and all the houses, — all the hanging flower-pots,
Booths and bonnets, beards and blouses, and the Baroness de Kotz.

And the grey cliffs overhanging, and the grim and solemn pines,
Whose forests with their mighty shadows, close us in with dark green lines.

All, — except the cross which towers, high aloft into the sky,
Alone upon that mountain summit, as its Master here did die.

For the mirror was too narrow, and could not the whole contain,
So it took the lower portion, left out what o'er all should reign.

And methought our living mirrors, in that busy little town,
Gave back all that eager bustle, to and fro, and up and down.

Faithfully we there reflected, all the chatter, all the noise,
All the talk on one another, — all the flowers, all the toys.

Only we left out the presence, and forgot the thought of Him
Whose calm and holy memory, in our hearts should ne'er grow dim.

Like an old Italian picture — where the men and women sit,
Unconscious of the glorious vision, which above their heads doth flit.

So the upper, better portion of our picture heeding not,
Broken, selfish, narrow, trivial — life becomes in that sweet spot.

Good Words.

DUST AND ASHES.

I.

BETWIXT your home and mine,
Oh, love, there is a graveyard lying;
And every time you came,
Your steps were o'er the dead, and from the dying!

Your face was dark and sad, —
Your eyes had shadows in their very laughter,
Yet their glances made me glad,
And shut my own to what was coming after.

Your voice had deeper chords
Than the Æolian harp when night-winds blow;
The melancholy music of your words
None but myself may know.

And, oh, you won my heart
By vows unbreathed — by words of love unspoken;
So that, as now we part,
You have no blame to bear, and yet — 'tis broken!

II.

How shall I bear this blow, how best resent it?

Ah, love, you have not left me even my pride!
Nor strength to put aside, nor to repent it;
'Twere better I had died!

You came beneath my tent with friendly greeting;

Of all my joys you had the better part;
Then when our eyes and hands were oftenest meeting,
You struck me to the heart!

No less a murderer, that your victim, living,
Can face the passing world, and jest and smile!

No less a traitor, for your show of giving
Your friendship all the while!

Well, let it pass! The city churchyard lying
Betwixt our homes is but a type and sign
Of the waste in your heart, and of the eternal dying
Of all sweet hopes in mine!

Transcript.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE TRUE EASTERN QUESTION.

A VISIT to the eastern coasts of the Hadriatic, planned long ago with objects bearing wholly on the history of past times, has lately given me a glimpse of a stirring piece of modern history, and has called my thoughts back to subjects which were more familiar to them twenty years back than they have been of late. I had longed for years to see the palace of Spalato, and the other wonders of the land which gave Rome so many of her greatest emperors. This year I had for the first time the opportunity of carrying out this wish of many years, and its carrying out in this particular year caused me to hear and see somewhat, not only of the palace at Spalato, but also of the revolt in Herzegovina. I was able to hear much of the matter from men familiar with the seat of war, and myself to get a glimpse, though only a glimpse, alike of enslaved Herzegovina and of unconquered Montenegro. These sights called up again old thoughts and old controversies. I have ever been one of those, a body sometime very few in number, who could not understand why our love of right and freedom, our hatred of wrong and oppression, should be bounded by the Hadriatic Sea. I could never understand why, while we denounced the oppression of the Austrian or the Russian, while we admired and sympathized with all who rose up against it, we were bound to uphold the far blacker oppression of the Turk, and to hurl every name of contempt and dislike at those who strove to shake off his yoke. I was one of those who raised their protest one and twenty years back, when we were entrapped by a crafty tyrant into waging war against a sovereign and a people who had never wronged us, on behalf of the foulest fabric of tyranny on earth. I could see no glory, no wisdom, nothing but the deepest national shame, in lending the arms of England to support the cause of pope and Turk against the nations of Eastern Christendom. To me the names of Alma, of Balaklava, and of Inkerman are names of national humiliation. They are records of blood shed by English hands in the cause of wrong; and blood

shed in the cause of wrong, whether it be shed in victory or in defeat, is matter for shame, and not for boasting. Thus I thought and spoke when they were but few—a few there always were—who thought and spoke with me. Now that the madness of the moment is past, now that we can see things by the light of twenty more years of experience, there are more who speak, there are many more who think, as a few of us thought and spoke during the national frenzy of the Russian war. But few or many it matters not; truth is the same in either case. At Alma and Inkerman England fought for wrong, as a generation before at Navarino she had fought for right. In 1827 we fought to free a nation from its tyrants, and the good work was called an "untoward event." In 1854 we fought to keep nations in their bondage, and it became the fashion to glory in our shame. We have again the choice of good or evil opened before us; we have again to choose between the precedent of the righteous act of which we were ashamed, and the precedent of the unrighteous act in which we gloried. We can again, if we will, do something, perhaps not by fighting but certainly in some other way, either for the cause of good or for the cause of evil. We may use such influence as we may have in the councils of Europe, either on behalf of the Turkish oppressor or on behalf of the victims who have at last turned against him: God grant that whatever we do, by act or by speech, it may be in the spirit of 1827, and not in the spirit of 1854.

When I spoke and wrote about these matters twenty years back, the subject was one which had for me, as it still has, a twofold attraction. I felt that, setting aside all associations which might sway us in the matter, all considerations of past history of religion or races or language, we who spoke up for the oppressed against the oppressor were only speaking the language of simple right. We spoke on behalf of the Greek and the Slave, only as both we and others were wont to speak on behalf of the Pole, the Lombard, and the Hungarian. We spoke on behalf of Christians under Mahometan oppressors as I trust we should have spoken on behalf of

Mahometans under Christian oppressors. But for myself personally the matter had also an interest of another kind. The political wrong against which we strove was but the continuation of a great historic wrong. The historic wrong had in truth no small share in bringing about the political wrong. The schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, the rivalry between the Eastern and Western Empires, had wrought a lasting effect on the minds of many who had never heard of either Church or either Empire. A kind of dislike and contempt towards the Christian nations of the East had been fostered for ages in the minds of the Christian nations of the West. The "Greek of the Lower Empire" was held up to scorn as the type of everything that was vile, and the modern Greek was held to be, if anything, a little viler than his Byzantine forefather. Of the great mass of the Christian subjects of the Turk, the Slaves and the Bulgarians, many people seem never to have heard at all. All members of the Eastern Church were jumbled together under the common name of Greeks. Up to that time the Eastern Church had often been looked at with some sympathy by Protestants, as having a common enemy at Rome; but that Church was now suddenly found out to be something worse even than the pope himself. People in Western Europe who protested against the oppressions of Russia or Austria often had no more real knowledge about Italians, Poles, and Hungarians than they had about Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians. But they had at least not been brought up with a prejudice of ages against Italians, Poles, or Hungarians. People therefore came to look with sympathy on the victims of Russia and Austria, while they looked with a kind of suspicion upon the victims of the Turk. They also made the great discovery that the Turk had some of the virtues, or apparent virtues, which are commonly found in masters, while his victims had some of the vices which are always found in slaves. It would have been too much trouble to stop and think that the vices of the slave ought to go in some measure to the account of those

who made him a slave. It was enough that the Turk had some virtues, and his Christian subjects some vices. He was, by force of this argument, ruled to be altogether in the right, and his Christian subjects to be altogether in the wrong. Then there came in the great Russian bugbear. We were told that, even if the Christians of Turkey had grievances, it was no time to think about them or talk about them when all Europe had a much greater grievance. Greek, Slave, Bulgarian were to be taught a lesson of self-sacrifice; they were to be taught to sit down quietly under real and undoubted evils at the hands of the Turk, because Western Europe had chosen to take into its head that some unknown and shadowy evil was coming on mankind at the hands of the Russian. Then, as usual, to the help of all this mass of falsehood, fallacies, and half-truths, came that dense mass of invincible ignorance which always plays so great a part at all times of popular excitement. Many people could not be made to see the difference between Turkey and the Turks. Because in Western Europe England and the English, France and the French, mean much the same things, they could not understand a state of things in which the Turks were not Turkey, but simply the invaders and oppressors of Turkey. I remember a meeting in some midland town, Derby, I think it was, where a resolution was passed in honour of the "glorious patriotic spirit of the Turkish nation." The same people would certainly not have passed a resolution in honour of the "glorious patriotic spirit of the Austrian nation," when Radetzky set forth to win back Lombardy. That "the glorious patriotic spirit of the Turkish nation" simply meant the obstinate determination of a horde of robbers to keep possession of the houses and lands of other men, certainly never entered the heads of the good people who passed the resolution. They doubtless thought that there was a Turkish nation living in Turkey, just as there is an English nation living in England, and a French nation living in France. We heard much in those days about the "rights of the sultan," and it was not everybody who

understood that the rights of the sultan over the houses and goods of Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians were exactly the same as the rights of a burglar to the house into which he has broken, and to the goods which he has found in it. In short, the moral confusion which condemned oppression on one side of the Adriatic and admired it on the other, though it was largely strengthened by wilful and interested perversion, rested in the main on a deep and solid foundation of honest ignorance. The clamourers on behalf of the Turk were undoubtedly one class of that large order who call evil good and good evil; but in a vast number of cases they did so simply because they had been led honestly to mistake evil for good, and good for evil. The worst is that, when a general delusion of this kind has taken possession of the mind of a nation, the delusion cannot be got rid of till it is too late. Truth commonly gets the better in the long run; but for the time falsehoods and half-truths get so firm a hold that truth is not listened to. People may now endure to be told that it is a truer patriotism to try to keep one's country out of an unjust war than to join in a wild cry for rushing into such a war. But twenty years ago all that those who did so got for their pains was to be called unpatriotic and un-English. There is now time to pause and think before we again irrevocably commit ourselves to the cause of unrighteousness.

When all these confusions were rife twenty years back, the history of South-Eastern Europe had been for a long time a favourite subject of my thoughts and reading, though I do not profess to have ever studied it in the same detail in which I have studied some parts of western history. But I had learned enough to know—Mr. Finlay's writings alone could teach that much—how large a part of European history has been utterly misconceived through the traditional contempt for the "Greek of the Lower Empire." As commonly happens, error with regard to past history and error with regard to present policy went together; for in truth the one error was built up upon the other. In those days a writer in

Blackwood's Magazine could talk, seemingly with glee, about "the last Byzantine historian being blown into the air by our brave allies the Turks." The man who wrote this nonsense perhaps really thought that, because the Turks were unluckily allies of England in the nineteenth century, therefore they must also have been allies of England in the fifteenth century. He certainly did not think it worth while to stop and think that more than one "last Byzantine historian" contrived to write the history of the very storm in which it was thus taken for granted that he must have been blown into the air. About the same time it was the fashion to write little books about the history of Crimea, in which there was always a great deal about Mithridates, always a great deal about Catherine the Second, but in which the most instructive thing in the history of the peninsula, the long life of the Greek commonwealth of Cherson, was always left out. Perhaps the writers had never heard of the fact; perhaps it was thought inexpedient to let it be known that there ever had been anywhere, least of all in Crimea, so dangerous a thing as a Greek commonwealth. There was therefore a good deal of work to be done by the mere lover of historical accuracy as well as by the lover of political freedom, and both I and others did what we could to spread abroad truer ideas on both branches of the subject. What we generally got for our pains was to be called *philhellènes*, and to be laughed at for troubling ourselves about "petty states." As I have read history, "petty states" have generally been the salt of the earth; and, as for the name *philhellén*, I am in no way ashamed of it, if only it be not used in any exclusive sense. I am simply for right against wrong, for all the victims of the oppressor as against the oppressor, not for any one class of his victims as against any other class. I will accept the name of *philhellén* with gladness, if only I am allowed to add that I am equally *philoslave* and *philobulgarian*.

Those days have long passed away. Since then it has been only by fits and starts that the affairs of Eastern Christendom could be the chief object of the

thoughts of any man in the western lands. It was no more than human nature if, in the face of the great events of the last sixteen years, in face of the reunion of Germany and Italy, in face of the overthrow of tyranny in France and of slavery in America, the best friends of the Greek, the Slave, and the Bulgarian might sometimes forget them for a season. Now and then indeed the East became again uppermost in the thoughts of men who could think and feel. There was the moment when Montenegro secured her freedom at Grahovo; there was the moment when Crete rose against her tyrants. Of that last tale of English shame I have before spoken in these pages. I have spoken of the crime of that flinty-hearted man who, when men who had hearts, English consuls and English sailors, were doing what they could to save Cretan women and children from their destroyers, bade that the common rights of humanity should be refused to the oppressed, for fear forsooth that we should "open the Eastern question," or disturb "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." Then too was seen that other shameful sight of an Englishman sold to the barbarian, abusing English naval skill and science to press down again the yoke of the barbarian on nations who were striving to cast off his yoke. I suppose that the highest degree of glory and of infamy to be found in the annals of naval warfare may be seen in the two contrasted pictures of Hastings in command of the "Karteria" and Hobart in pursuit of the "Henôsis."

But the climax of our national shame was not yet reached. That an Englishman should bear arms in the cause of a barbarian despot, that an Englishman should forbid the offices of humanity to that despot's victims, were after all only the crimes of particular men. But it was something like a national humiliation when the very moment of the Cretan war was chosen to give the oppressor of Crete and of so many other Christian lands a public reception in England. There is something very strange in the way in which we deal out our favours to foreign potentates. When any king comes among us who, either on account of his own character or on behalf of the nation over whom he rules, is really entitled to respect, hardly any notice is taken of him. It may be in some cases that such a prince wishes to avoid the burthen of having any great notice taken of him; but the fact is plain; a respectable king passes almost unnoticed in England, while, when some despot or

tyrant or perjurer comes among us, people at once fall down and worship him. Such an one is always received with every honour; crowds assemble to cheer him in the street; orders of chivalry are bestowed upon him; he dines with the lord mayor, and the lord mayor is made a baronet on the strength of the dinner. The red hand is in truth not unhappily chosen as the symbol of the guest for whose sake the honour is conferred. So we received Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, when his words of perjury were still fresh upon his lips, when his hands were still reeking with the blood of his December massacres. So we received the Turkish sultan at the very moment when a Christian people were striving to cast off his hated yoke from their necks. The Turk got his dinner and his garter; the badge of Saint George was thrown around the neck of the successor of Mahomet; and the lord mayor got the rank which seems specially reserved for those who have tyrants to dine with them. But, far worse than this, we were told in the papers that the popular reception given to the sultan could be compared only to the popular reception which had been given to Garibaldi. Had it come to this, that the English people were ready to cheer anything?—that to a London crowd an oppressor and a deliverer were the same thing—that Englishmen were equally ready to shout when Sicily was set free, and when Crete was again bowed down in slavery? So it was. And the cup of our folly and ignominy was filled up by giving a ball to a man who was not the least likely to dance, and by charging the expense of the costly foolery on the purses of the people of India. It was suddenly found out that England was a great Mahometan power, and, to keep up our Mahometan character, the unoffending votaries of Brahma were made to pay for the caperings at which our Mahometan guest sat and looked on. Our zeal for the Turk and his prophet was so great that Christian and heathen alike were to be mulcted to do them honour. The sultan came with his hands reeking with Christian blood, decked in pomp wrung from the tears and groans of Christian subjects. Not to lag behind our guest, the cost of his entertainment was to be wrung out of men of yet a third religion, men who had hitherto deemed that the rule of the Christian had at least delivered them from the rule of the Moslem. Of all the strange forms which oppression and homage to oppression ever took, surely the most grotesque was that of making the people of India pay

for a ball given in London to the Grand Turk.

These things too are now passed away. The Turk went back; Crete was again bowed down under his yoke, and I suppose the people of India paid his bill. I remember saying my own say at the time pretty much as I have said it now. Then came a lull. There was comparatively little to make us think of Turks, Greeks or Slaves, till the beginning of the present struggle for freedom. Of course, as will always happen where there is unceasing oppression there has been unceasing discontent and occasional outbreaks. But till this year there was nothing to make the affairs of South-Eastern Europe the chief object of one's thoughts. But now that time has come again. The deliverance of Eastern Christendom has again become the thought which must stand foremost in the mind of every one whose love of right and freedom is not pent up within certain limits on the map. The great strife between right and wrong has again begun, and it has begun in a shape which leads us to hope that we are now really seeing the beginning of the end. For my own part, such news as has been now coming for months from Bosnia and Herzegovina would in any case have stirred my soul to its inmost depths. The wrongs of the West have been redressed; the rod of the oppressor has been broken; Italy is free; Germany is united; France is humbled; Austria is reformed. Is not then the moment come for the yet bitterer wrongs of South-Eastern Europe to be redressed also? Lombardy and Venetia are set free from the whips of the Austrian; has not the day at last come for the Greek and Slave and Albanian and Bulgarian lands to be set free from the scorpions of the Turk? Thoughts like these would have been stirring even in the quiet of one's own home; but they have pressed themselves upon me with tenfold force since a journey planned long ago with other objects has given me the means of seeing and hearing somewhat for myself. I have been able to tread the lands where the strife for freedom is actually going on, to speak with men who have borne their part in the struggle, to learn what is the feeling of men in lands which are themselves free from the dangers of the strife, but whose sons look with brotherly friendship on the men who are engaged in the great and righteous work.

In saying this, I do not wish any one to suppose that I can give such readers as I may find any special information which

they cannot find elsewhere. In the present war the English public has had the great advantage of having the facts of the case clearly and truly set before it. It is a great gain that in this matter the *Times* has mainly taken the right side, and still more that it has been well served by its correspondent on the spot. Every letter in that paper which comes from Ragusa is worth reading and pondering over. By great good luck, the usual purveyor of chatter, the correspondent who tells us what he had for dinner and how many princes he talked to, seems to have found a more congenial sphere elsewhere. The paper from which many Englishmen take their opinions as well as their facts is luckily represented at the present seat of war by a well-informed and trustworthy man, who has had long experience of Turkish doings and of revolts against them, and who is not above putting plain facts into rational English. I have no means of adding anything in the way of mere fact to the accounts which it is to be hoped every one at home has read for himself. All that I can do is to put forward again an old story, old arguments, but a story and arguments which have lost none of their strength by being old. And with me at least they have gained a certain freshness now that they are to me no longer merely matters of book-learning, but are in part at least founded on actual eyesight. Even a few hours on Turkish ground brings more clearly home to one what Turkish rule is. And one cannot be long in the land to which the Turk is a neighbour without finding out that his neighbours have very different notions about the "Eastern question," about "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire," from those which have been so long thought the correct thing in the West. Those cant phrases of diplomacy may still satisfy some readers, and even some writers in England; they do not satisfy anybody in Dalmatia. These men see the wolf at their door, preying on their neighbours' flocks if not on their own, and it is not so easy as it is here to make them believe that the ravenous beast is a harmless and useful watch-dog. Here in the West we are told of a succession of beautiful promises of reform made by sultan after sultan to their Christian subjects. Some of us are actually simple enough to believe that these promises were meant to be fulfilled, or even that they have been fulfilled. In Dalmatia, where the victims of these broken promises come trooping bodily over the fron-

tier, men know better what Turkish promises are worth. We are told here of the stainless good faith of the Turk; they see with their own eyes that Turkish faith is much the same now as it was when Bragadino capitulated on the promise of life and liberty and was flayed alive as his reward. We are told that the nations now under the foreign yoke must be kept under some foreign yoke or other, lest everything should fall into chaos. They look up to the mountains above their heads, and see there a native State under a native prince, where life and property are as safe as they are in any Western land, where even the Mussulman refugee finds a sure shelter. The Slave under Austrian rule himself enjoys, if not a national government, yet at least a government which protects life and property and family honour, and does common justice between man and man. He sees in Montenegro men of his own race and speech enjoying all this and something more. It is therefore not so easy to persuade him as it is to persuade people here that it can anyhow be for the common good of mankind that a third class of men of the same race and speech, differing in nothing from the Dalmatian and the Montenegrin save in the ill luck of their history, should be kept down any longer under the yoke of a power in whose mouth government means brigandage, under whose rule no justice can be had by the weak against the strong, whose promises are, as schoolboys used to say, like pie-crust, made to be broken. Perhaps they are wrong in their conclusions; perhaps the advantages of all these things may be more clearly seen at a distance than they are at a man's own door. But it is at least hard to make men who see these things at their own doors think otherwise than as they do. In Dalmatia and Montenegro in short men think very much as men would think in Hampshire, if, while Hampshire was under a civilized government, Berkshire was under a power from which no redress could be had for the bitterest wrong if a Berkshire man were the sufferer. Perhaps they are quite wrong; perhaps they need to be enlightened as to the blessings of Turkish independence, as to the existence of Turkish integrity. But at least their mistake is natural, and, in the lands where the mistake is natural, it is also beyond doubt universal.

This then at least I can say, that Dalmatian feeling is unanimous for the insurgents and against the Turks. And surely the feeling of those who see what is going

on without being immediately touched by it is worth something. There is at least a chance that it may come nearer to the truth than the theories of men who sit in London or elsewhere, and say that a thing must be so and so because it suits their preconceived theories that it should be so and so. Here people simply go on repeating a number of stock phrases, which, if they ever had any meaning, have ceased to have any meaning now. They repeat them as if they had a kind of *opus operatum* efficacy; as if something was proved by merely saying the same form of words over again. A diplomatist or a newspaper-writer says that the "Eastern question must not be opened;" and perhaps he really thinks that, in so saying, he has proved something or settled something. But if he is asked what is meant by "opening the Eastern question," he will not find it easy to explain. Most likely, however, he will say something about Russia; it is the received traditional rule that he should say something about Russia. Now what the "Eastern question" really means is the question whether a horde of invading barbarians shall still be allowed to hold the nations of South-Eastern Europe in bondage. It means whether insolent oppressors shall still refuse to them, not only political freedom, but those common personal rights which even a decent despotism secures to its subjects. It means whether England and other European powers which have hitherto agreed, for their own supposed interests, to back up this fabric of oppression shall any longer go on doing so. That is the real "Eastern question." No one thinks that the Turk can stand by his own strength. He stands, because hitherto the powers of Europe have fancied that it suits their purpose to let him stand. England, France, and Sardinia went to war one and twenty years ago with the avowed purpose of keeping him standing. By so doing they made themselves accomplices in the doings of the power whose existence they undertook to prolong. The true Eastern question is whether European powers shall go on condemning the nations of South-Eastern Europe to remain under barbarian bondage. Diplomats and newspaper-writers may sit and say that the Eastern question shall not be reopened. But the Eastern question has been reopened by the swords of the patriots of Bosnia and Herzegovina. With one voice they say, "Come what may, we will never again submit to the Turk. He may kill us; he may lay the land des-

olate and drive us out of it; but we will never again be his subjects." The question is what those who have hitherto made it their business to keep certain nations under the Turkish yoke are to do, now that those nations have declared that they will endure anything rather than the Turkish yoke. There may be many ways of breaking the yoke, but those who are under it have made up their minds that it shall be broken in some way or other. Even now diplomatists are chattering about for their promises of reform, about a separation of this and that district, about the change of this and that governor. None of these things touch the root of the matter. The people of the revolted lands know that no faith is to be placed in Turkish promises. They do not want reforms at the hand of the Turk; what they want is freedom from the Turk and all that belongs to him. Some years back the people of Lombardy and Venetia told the world that what they wanted was not reform at the hand of the Austrian, but freedom from the Austrian. There were men then who thought that the bondage of Italy was as needful for the interests of mankind as some think that the bondage of Bosnia and Herzegovina is now. But Europe in general did not think so; and Italy is free. Now in Turkey the state of things against which the Italians rose would come in the shape of a great and blessed reform. The Christian subjects of the Turk would be glad indeed to find themselves now no worse off than the Italian subjects of the Austrian were then. But mark the different measures meted out to nations east and west of the Hadriatic Gulf. On one side we applaud men for rising against a government, because it is offensive to national feeling. On the other side we bid men lie down quietly under a government which refuses them the common rights of human beings. Such a government they declare as one man that they will endure no longer. By so doing they have reopened the Eastern question. That question certainly admits of more than one answer; but before we get any answer, we must settle what is to be the shape of the question. Here, with many minds the Eastern question means how to keep the Turk in. In the lands where the Turk is something more than a name, the Eastern question means how to turn the Turk out.

I have in the course of this article more than once, of set purpose, made use of phrases which I know will provoke con-

troversy. I have called the Turks barbarians; I have called them an invading horde. These are the kind of phrases which I know are specially offensive to those who have taken on themselves the strange mission of defending the continued bondage of a large part of Europe. But it is well to set before men's minds, even at the risk of repeating a thrice-told tale or a hundred-times-told tale, what the real state of the case is. It is well again to show what the system really is which the victims of the Turk are striving to overthrow, and which his abettors in England and elsewhere are striving to prolong. To them no phrase is more offensive than to be told that the Turks are an Asiatic horde encamped in Europe. No phrase is more offensive, because no phrase is more true. The usual art of the defenders of the Turk is to speak of the Turkish power as if it were an ordinary government, to speak of revolt against it as if it were an ordinary case of revolt against a government. They perhaps do not go so far as to say that the Turkish government is a good government; but they certainly wish people to believe that it is a government, in the same sense in which the monarchies and commonwealths of other parts of Europe are governments. Now the one point to be clearly understood is that the state of things in South-Eastern Europe is not an ordinary case of government, good or bad. It is a case of subjection to a power which has no right to be called a government at all. The governments of civilized countries may be, and are, better or worse, more or less in accordance with national feeling. There may be under them more or less of political freedom: the judicial and administrative system may be more or less well contrived, more or less purely carried out in practice. Still, in all of these governments, in all the various shades between pure despotism and pure democracy, the government at least professes to act on behalf of the general body of its subjects or citizens, for the good of that general body. The worst European government professes to do equal justice between man and man in private causes, and, for the most part, the profession is pretty fairly carried out. When it is otherwise, it is commonly owing to some defect in the particular law, to some corruption on the part of the particular administrator of the law. It is not commonly owing to anything in the constitution of the governing power which makes it absolutely incapable of doing justice, even if it wishes to do it.

Such governments may be better or worse; some may be positively bad; but they are not essentially and incurably bad. A government may be bad, because it is a government of strangers offensive to national feeling, or because, though it is not a government of strangers, yet it is in the exclusive possession of one class of the nation. Such governments are bad governments; still they are governments. They discharge—at least there is nothing to hinder them from discharging—the primary duties of a government; life, property, female honour, may be safe under them, and equal justice may be done in all matters of merely private interest. But the so-called Turkish government does none of these things; it can do none of these things. The Turks are still, as they have been ever since they landed in Europe, a mere horde of invaders. That they landed five hundred years ago makes no difference. A government is not unlawful merely because it had its beginning in a foreign conquest. A government which began in foreign conquest may be legalized in the course of time, sometimes in the course of a very short time. It is legalized as soon as the conquerors and the conquered feel themselves parts of one nation, with common national interests and feelings. It matters nothing to a modern Englishman, it mattered very little to an Englishman of the reign of Henry the Second, on which side his forefathers had fought on Senlac or at Ely. It matters nothing to a modern Frenchman whether his forefathers were Gaul or Frank, Iberian or West-Goth. But it matters now, just as much as it mattered five hundred years back, whether a man in Turkey is a Turk or a subject of the Turk. England is the land of the English; France is the land of the French; but Turkey is not the land of the Turks; it is the land where the Turks hold other nations in bondage. The process of conquest which in other cases came to an end sooner or later, in some cases marvellously soon, has in South-Eastern Europe gone on to this day. The distinctions, national and religious, which existed five hundred years ago are as broadly drawn now as they were then. The Greek, the Slave, the other nations under the Turkish power, remain now as distinct from the Turk as they were in the days of the first conquest. The sultan is to his Christian subjects no more a national sovereign now than he was five hundred years back. He was an alien master then, and he remains an alien master now.

Nowhere do the Turk and the Christian look on one another as fellow-countrymen, as all the inhabitants of France or of England look on one another, however distinct and hostile their forefathers may have been in remote ages. At the end of half a millennium, the so-called Turkish government remains what it was at the beginning. The Turks remain as they were then, an army of occupation in a conquered land. The chief difference is that the army of occupation was under far better discipline then than it is now. The early sultans were all of them wise rulers; some of them were, according to their light, just rulers. Some of them had no mind to oppress the conquered any more than was needful to secure the power of the conquerors. Under the great sultans, the lot of the conquered was a hard one; still it was a lot marked out according to certain rules and laws. Oppression might go so far but no further; and there was some hope in the last refuge of the oppressed, that of flying from petty tyrants to the throne. Under the little sultans, this last hope has long passed away. Read in the letters from Ragusa in the *Times* what the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina suffer at the hands of their petty tyrants, and judge whether they are likely to gain anything by flying to the throne of Abd-ul-aziz.

The so-called Turkish government is then, I say, no government at all. It has no claim on the allegiance of those whom it calls its subjects. Founded on wrong in the beginning, it has kept on the first wrong to this day. It has never, even after five hundred years, become a national government. It has never, in all those ages, had any feeling or interest in common with those of the nations over whom it has borne sway. It has never done for them even those common duties of government which the worst of civilized governments does for its subjects. The Turk is still as much an alien in European Turkey as he was when the land first began to take his name. The sultan may be our dear and cherished ally, he may be knight of the Garter and guest of the lord mayor, but he is none the less the chief of an intruding horde, dwelling by force in the lands and houses of other men. What kind of treatment it is that Turkish rule carries with it, Englishmen may learn from the letters from Ragusa in the *Times*. In Herzegovina, as elsewhere, the causes of revolutions and their immediate occasions are not always the same. The cause is doubtless the abiding determination of

the people to shake off the hateful yoke. The immediate occasion of the outbreak was of that kind which has been the immediate occasion of so many outbreaks, the old tale of the Sicilian Vespers and of the daughters of Skedasos of Leuktra. One necessary accompaniment of Turkish rule is what the Greek poet sang of in Byron's day—

παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήμετος φθορεία.

"Every pretty girl," so I heard at Ragusa, "is carried off as a matter of course." It was a specially foul outrage of this kind which immediately led to the revolt. The Eastern question then simply means whether this kind of thing is to last; it means whether men are to be left under a form of local administration which, when the doer of a murder or suspected murder is not at hand, at once puts all his kinsfolk to the torture. And all this comes on the top of the grinding fiscal exactions both of the local landowners and of the sultan's tax-gatherers. These last, it is well known, have been raised in defiance, as usual, of a distinct promise made by our knight of Saint George to the European powers. Something more was wanted for the vices and follies of a barbarian palace, and the subject Christians had to pay. Men suffering under wrongs like these see but one answer to the question whether such things are to be any longer endured. They do not take things quite so calmly as a writer in the last number of this review. To drive the doers of such deeds beyond the Bosphorus or anywhere else may seem "wild and sensational" to gentlemen sitting at their ease in London; to those who have to endure their presence, the attempt to get rid of them seems at once a right and a duty. It is easy calmly to tell the Christians of the East that "they have but to marry and give in marriage to settle the Eastern question." The encouragement to marry and give in marriage must indeed be specially great, as long as those who are given in marriage are likely to be dealt with as they are dealt with by the Turkish masters of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

And now I shall perhaps be taken to task for the use of the phrase "Turkish masters." I shall be told that the Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina are not Turkish but Slave. I shall perhaps further be told that, even in the other provinces, the Turks are really no Turks, but Europeans, descendants of European mothers, in many cases of European fathers. I know all this as well

as any man. I have myself put forward these facts over and over again; but I am quite prepared to be told them over again as a great piece of news. I use the word "Turkish," because it serves, better than any other word, to express the dominion of men who, if not Turks naturally, have become Turks artificially. The Turks in Europe are an artificial nation, just as the modern Greeks are. That is to say, there is a Turkish kernel and a Greek kernel, round which a number of other elements have gathered and have been assimilated. Multitudes of men who are not Turks or Greeks by natural descent have, in this way, become Turks or Greeks for all practical purposes. Nothing is more certain than that, during the great days of Ottoman dominion, the bravest soldiers and the wisest ministers of the sultans were hardly ever Turks by blood. They were renegade Greeks, Slaves, not uncommonly western Europeans. The tribute of children paid by the subject nations formed the strength of the empire. As long as it was paid, the subject nations could not revolt; those who would have been their natural leaders in revolt were taken from them in their childhood. But renegades of all these classes practically became Turks. There were few indeed among them who, like Scanderbeg, ever went back to the nationality and religion of their childhood. And in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the case is, as is well known, a special one. At the time of the Turkish conquest, the bulk of the landowners in those countries apostatized in order to keep their lands, while the mass of the nation remained faithful. In these provinces then the immediate oppressors are not Turks by blood, but men of the same race as the oppressed. But this in no way makes matters better, but rather worse. A foreign conqueror may command a certain kind of respect which a native renegade certainly cannot. In some cases it is a certain softening of tyranny when one's tyrants are one's countrymen; but that rule can hardly apply to the domination of such a caste as this. It is said that among the Bosnian oligarchy there are many who speak nothing but Slave, to whom Turkish and Arabic are unknown tongues, and who are not remarkable for any deep knowledge of the Koran. In this there may be an element of hope. In the case of a revolution the right way, such men may turn back again as easily as their forefathers turned in the first instance. But for the present they are practically Turks. They are a part,

and one of the worst parts, of the great fabric of Turkish oppression, and it is in accordance with all experience everywhere that their dominion should be even more galling than that of the genuine Turks themselves.

Another objection is sure to be made, so easy is it for the advocates of wrong to find objections to every movement on behalf of right. We are told, sometimes glibly enough, with that kind of ease which often comes of over and over again repeating a well-worn formula, that the revolt is no real revolt at all, that its chief leaders and agents are not natives of the country, that it is a movement got up from without, a movement stirred up by Prussia, a movement stirred up by Austria, a Pan-Slavic movement, anything in short rather than a real rising of an oppressed people against its tyrants. These things are always said whenever there is a revolt among the subjects of the Turk, and there is just enough truth in sayings of the kind to make them mischievous. There is no doubt that the movement is a genuine native movement; there is no ground for saying that the leading men among the native Christians keep aloof from it. There is no doubt that the mass of the actual insurgents are really natives of the revolted provinces, stirred up by the wrongs which they themselves have suffered. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that their ranks have been swelled by sympathizers from kindred but happier lands, and that even some of the leaders of the movement come under this latter head. So it always will be in such cases; and why should it not be so? As a rule, the people of an enslaved district, if left quite to themselves, really cannot rise. They need help from without to enable them to do anything. And shall we dare to blame the Slave who, under the rule of Austria, at least enjoys the common rights of humanity, or the Slave who, on the heights of Montenegro, rejoices in a freedom won by his own right hand, if he goes to the help of his suffering brother who is still under the yoke? To take the analogy which I started before, if Hampshire were free and Berkshire enslaved, should we think it a great crime if a Hampshire man went to help a revolt in Berkshire, or if he even suggested to the men of Berkshire that a favourable moment for revolt had come? Between the men of Montenegro and the men of Herzegovina there is no wider difference in blood and speech than there is between the men of the two

West-Saxon shires. The only difference between them is that the man of Montenegro is free and the man of Herzegovina is in bondage. Is it a crime then for the freeman to help his enslaved brother? Is it a crime to think that one good turn deserves another, that, as many men of Herzegovina fought on the great day which secured the freedom of Montenegro, it is only common gratitude if some men of Montenegro fight in their turn to enable Herzegovina to win her freedom also? The wonderful thing is, not that some Montenegrins have joined the insurgent ranks, but rather that, at such a moment, any one Montenegrin can keep his pistol and yataghan idle in his girdle. That any one Montenegrin can hold back is a sign of the power of a wise prince over a law-abiding people. The traveller in Montenegro is almost inclined to mourn that, while the great strife of right and wrong is going on below, a single one of her valiant sons should be forbidden to share in the good work. But it may perhaps be better that those free heights should still remain a city of refuge, where the Christian flying from the Turk, aye and the Turk flying from the Christian, may seek shelter, and never seek in vain.

The revolt then is in truth a genuine revolt of an oppressed Christian people against Mahometan masters, whether Turks by blood or apostates of their own race matters not. It is a revolt of men who have made up their minds to cast away the yoke or to perish. The conventional talk about reforms is the mere childish babble of diplomatists. The time for reform is past, or rather there never was such a time at all. The experience of twelve hundred years of history ought by this time to have taught us a very simple lesson. The state of things in the European provinces of Turkey is one where the evil is far too deeply rooted for any mere attempts at reform to mend it. The truth is that no real reform can be made as long as Mahometans, whether Turks by blood or not, bear rule over men of any other religion. In so saying, I need hardly disclaim any intolerant feeling towards the Mahometan religion or its professors. I have, in more forms than one, striven to do justice to the Arabian prophet as one of the greatest of reformers in his own age and country. I know as well as any man that there are large parts of the world where the preaching of Islam has carried with it a wonderful advance in every way, moral, social, and political. Towards a Mahometan nation, living in its

own land, I have no ill-feeling whatever. I have no ill-feeling towards Persia. The Persian nation gradually adopted Mahometanism, though, in adopting it, they gave it a new form of their own. Persia is really a Mahometan country: the few men of any other religion, Christian or heathen, are, in the strictest sense, dissenters. It is open to them to make the same claims, and to fight the same battle, as a dissenting minority anywhere else: but they cannot claim to be themselves the nation; they cannot call the Mahometan majority intruders or invaders: And what is true of Persia is true also of a large part of the Ottoman dominions in Asia. The country is really Mahometan, and I have no wish to meddle with its Mahometan occupants. It is true that they have displaced a Christian population; but they displaced it so long ago that no practical question can arise out of the displacement, any more than out of our own displacement of the Welsh in Britain. But the case in European Turkey is quite different. There the Mahometans are in no sense the people of the land; they are an army of occupation, holding down subject nations in their own land. That welding together of conquerors and conquered into a single nation, which has legalized conquest in so many other cases, has never happened in the case of the Turks in Europe, and in truth it never can happen. The peaceful fusion of the two races, the absorption of the Frank by the Gaul or of the Norman by the Englishman, never can happen where the conquerors are Mahometans, and where the conquered cleave to their national faith. One of the first principles of the Mahometan religion is that, wherever its votaries have dominion, men of all other religions shall be their subjects. Koran, tribute, or sword still remains the alternative as it was in the days of Omar. By payment of tribute, the conquered Christian, fireworshipper, or Hindoo secured his life, his property, and the free exercise of his religion. But he still remained one of a subject class in his own land. Then and now alike, he is not only politically the subject of a Mahometan sovereign; he is civilly and socially the inferior of every one of his Mahometan fellow-subjects. What the Mahometan law prescribes for tributaries of another religion is a contemptuous toleration. If persecution is forbidden on the one hand, any real equality with men of the dominant religion is forbidden on the other. When such a state of things as this has been the law, it

has naturally followed that the treatment of Christians and other non-Mahometan subjects of Mahometan powers has varied greatly in different times and places. Cases may here and there be found in which the subject, the Giaour, got better terms than the capitulation of Omar gave him. In most cases he has got far worse terms. The Turk has everywhere been worse than the Saracen whom he supplanted, and the Ottoman Turk has been the worst of all Turks. In fact, when it is laid down as a matter of religious principle that men of other religions are the natural inferiors and subjects of the Mussulman, it is hardly to be expected that the Mussulman will keep himself within the letter of any capitulation. Where the law prescribes a contemptuous toleration, oppression and persecution are always likely to be the rule in practice. So it ever has been; so, in the nature of things, it ever must be. Let the capitulation of Omar be carried out to the letter throughout the Ottoman dominions; the Christian population will still be in a state worse than the state which in other lands has been commonly looked on as fully justifying revolt. They will still be worse off than ever Lombard was under Austrian or Pole under Russian rule. But it is quite certain that the Christians of Turkey are far worse off than the capitulation of Omar would make them, and it is quite certain that they will remain so as long as they remain under a Mahometan government. The Porte may make endless promises of reform; but, even if it wishes to carry them out, it cannot. A Mahometan government cannot, if it will, give real equality to the subjects of other religions. If it does so, it sins against the first principles of the Mahometan law, and it must draw upon itself the ill-will — from their own principles the perfectly just ill-will — of its Mahometan subjects. One Mahometan ruler did give perfect equality to his subjects of all religions; but, in so doing, he had to cease to be a Mahometan. If Abd-ul-aziz has strength to follow in the steps of Akbar, let him do so, and the blessings of mankind will be on him. That would settle the Eastern question at once. But there is no intermediate choice between that settlement and that other settlement which the patriots of the Slave provinces are seeking with their swords. As a Christian, as an Akbarite, sovereign, the Turkish sultan may go on and reign as the Cæsar of the New Rome, and the weapons which are now lifted against him may be used for his defence against a male-

content Mahometan minority. But no reform short of this will answer. A Mahometan government may rule well, as far as any despotism can rule well, over a Mahometan people. Over a people not Mahometan it must ever be, even in spite of itself, a government of sheer force and oppression. It must ever be a government towards which its subjects have but one duty, the duty of throwing off its yoke whenever they have the power.

The Turk then must go or he must cease to be a Turk. As he is not likely to cease to be a Turk, it is enough to say that he must go. It does not follow that he need go all at once. From Servia he has gone already. Bosnia and Herzegovina have given him notice to quit, and from them he must go at once. It will be time for him to go from Bulgaria and Albania when Bulgaria and Albania give him notice to quit also. But Bosnia and Herzegovina have made up their minds that they will get rid of him or perish. Which of these two alternatives is to take place is the true Eastern question. It is the question which the powers of Europe have to settle. No one supposes that, if the combined voice of Europe speaks, the sick man whom Europe has so long swathed and bolstered up for its own ends will dare to disobey. An awful responsibility therefore rests on those who now guide the counsels of the European powers. It is nothing short of the responsibility of deciding between good and evil. Shall the lands which have risen against the yoke be forced down again beneath the yoke, or not? To talk of reform is childish. The Turk, as long as he remains a Turk, cannot reform. The revolted lands ask, not for reforms which cannot be had, but for freedom which may be had. It is freedom for which they ask; never mind what form freedom takes; freedom from the Turk will be a blessing, in whatever form it comes. Be it the freest of commonwealths, be it only a despotism which does common justice between man and man, in either case it will be freedom to men who have so long groaned under the yoke of mere brigandage. One change may be better than another, but any change will be better than what is now.

And now at such a moment as this is it too much to ask that the wretched talk about interest and honour and prestige, which has so long grated on the ears of all who love right for its own sake, may at last be hushed? As for "prestige," I hardly know the meaning of the ugly for-

eign word; by its etymology it would seem to have something to do with the tricks of a juggler. As for honour, I know of only one way in which true honour can be won, and that is by doing right fearlessly at all hazards. The most honourable thing of all is never to do wrong; next after that comes the true courage of the man or the nation who, when wrong has been done, is ready to confess the wrong and to redress it. Our true honour can never demand that we should go on propping up a rotten fabric of evil; it does demand that we should undo the wrong that we have done in helping the evil cause thus far. As for interests, questions about Central Asia or the Suez Canal, I do not profess to be any judge of such matters; but if our Atlantic island has any real interest in them, I suppose that those questions, like other questions of interest, come under the head of the eternal rule that interest should give way to right and duty.

ἀλλ' ἐι δίκαια, τῶν σοφῶν κρείσσω τίδε.

We were told one and twenty years back that our interests were so pressing, that the Russian bugbear was so frightful, that we had no time to listen to the claims of oppressed nations, even when we had ourselves doomed them to oppression. So I would say back again, that, when a plain duty calls on us to help the cause of our suffering brethren, I at least can find no time for nicely calculated questions of interest, not even for counting how near Russia may, in the discharge of her civilizing mission in barbarian lands, have come to the bounds of our own distant dominion. I can only say that the interests of Russia or Austria, the interests of France or Germany or England, must not be thought of in the face of the interests of humanity. Happily one specially sordid form of interest will now be driven to hold its peace. Europe will hardly be called upon to prop up the black fabric of Turkish tyranny in the interest of Turkish bondholders in England. The Turk has, fittingly enough, played the Turk with his creditors as well as with his subjects. Englishmen were not ashamed to lend their money to the barbarian, knowing that every penny which they lent could be used only in propping up the foulest of tyrannies, and in enabling a sensual despot to spend yet more on his luxuries and his vices. They lent their money, knowing that every penny of interest that they were to receive was to be wrung by the minions of a tyrant out of the scanty earn-

ings of an oppressed people. They have their reward. The Turk, true to his traditions, has broken faith; the pleasures of the sultan's court have been found too costly; the resources of his victims have been found too scanty; and the men who strove to prop up wrong by gold have found that gold is no longer forthcoming out of the abyss of Turkish misrule.

While I write, the news comes that the deputations from the insurgents have gone to the three courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Saint Petersburg, to "formulate," as the telegram runs, their demands. Later still come other rumours that their deputations are not likely to be attended with much success because the demands of the insurgents "menace the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." Let them ask for reforms, let them ask for "decentralization;" these the great powers may perhaps be inclined to guarantee; but freedom they must not hope for. Later again come, one after another, utterances from Vienna and Saint Petersburg, each one darker and more meaningless than the one which went before it. I know not what truth there may be in all this. I know not what may be the shape taken either by the demands of the insurgents or by the answer of the powers; but I do know that all talk about reforms and decentralization and guaranteeing this and that is simply childish. The three powers can guarantee reform in one way, and in one way only; but that is a way which is certainly menacing to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The only way in which any reform can be guaranteed is by giving the lands which are to be reformed full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Talk about new divisions of provinces, about giving Christians a greater share in the local administration, even about putting this or that district under a Christian governor, is not to be listened to. A Christian governor is not necessarily better than a Mahometan governor. A Christian who stoops to be the agent of the sultan is not likely to be among the most high-minded of Christians, or among those who enjoy the greatest confidence among their brethren. The one thing which is needed, the one thing which will meet the wishes of the revolted provinces, the one thing which will ease the powers of the thankless labour of propping up the sick man, will be to give each province, as it demands it, full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Thus the Eastern question may be solved. Such a solution is doubtless inconsistent with

the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but no other solution can be righteous; no other solution is possible.

I just now used the words, "full practical emancipation." I made the qualification advisedly. If practical independence is to be had only at the cost of a nominal homage, or even of a fixed tribute, to the tottering despot of Constantinople, I do not think that practical independence should be refused on those terms. Servia, I believe, still keeps some forms of vassalage, and I have always held it to be one of the misfortunes of Greece that she was at once cumbered with the trappings of an absolutely independent kingdom instead of being allowed to march gradually towards the crown of perfect independence. The nations of the Byzantine peninsula must never be allowed to become wholly isolated from one another. They must never lose the tradition of looking to the New Rome as their natural centre. As long as the Turk sits in New Rome, he may well be the overlord of all of them, provided his overlordship remains as purely formal as it now is over Servia and Roumania. It will be enough if the lands which are striving for their freedom are put under some government which shall secure to them, if full political freedom, so much the better, but at any rate the common rights of human beings. Everything else is a matter of detail. The most obvious course would be to attach the revolted lands to Montenegro or to Servia, or to divide them between Montenegro and Servia. A glance at the map will show how near independent Montenegro and practically independent Servia come together. The Slave provinces which are still under the yoke are all but isolated from the mass of the Turkish dominions; they form a kind of peninsula of bondage. The main difficulty either in attaching them to Servia or Montenegro, or in forming them into a third Slave principality, lies in this. In Servia, at the time of its emancipation, there were very few settled Mahometan inhabitants. When the Turkish soldiers and officials had marched out, the land was left wholly Christian. In Montenegro of course there never were any Mahometan inhabitants at all. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, on the other hand, there is both a Mahometan and a Catholic minority; and, in setting free the great Orthodox majority, care must be taken not to perpetuate wrong, by giving the Orthodox any undue supremacy over the Catholic and the Mahometan. It might be feared that, either in a newly-

formed Slave state or in an extended Serbia or Montenegro, there might be danger of old wrongs being repaid in kind by a dominant Orthodox majority. And again the question presents itself, whether an extended Montenegro might not lose its distinctive character, and the Montenegrin experiment, the experiment of civilizing a small warlike tribe, without destroying its distinctive character, without bringing it down to the dead level of common European life, is so interesting, and has hitherto been so successful, that one is loath to do anything that may disturb it. Annexation to the great neighbouring monarchy has an ugly sound, and I should certainly not advocate it for its own sake, or in case anything better can be found. Still it has something to be said for it. We must not forget that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy of 1875 is not the Austrian Empire of 1865. It is giving it less praise than it deserves to say that its rule is better than that of Turkey, and that Herzegovina would greatly gain if it were raised to the level of Dalmatia. Under the rule of the Apostolic King Catholic and Orthodox contrive to live side by side; and under that rule Catholic, Orthodox, and Mahometan would have more chance of doing so than they would have under a purely Orthodox government. The great difficulty in the way of annexation in this quarter is the dislike of the Magyars to any strengthening of the Slave element in the united monarchy. Zealous Slaves have been known to answer that the Magyars are Turanian intruders no less than the Turks, and that Turks and Magyars might with advantage march off together. But the kingdom of the apostolic Stephen can be hardly got rid of so easily as this. Hungary and the other lands joined under the rule of her king seem marked out as called on to be the leading Christian state of South-Eastern Europe. Within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, even within the Hungarian kingdom itself, there is already the strangest jumble of nationalities and religions. And the like jumble of nationalities and religions there must be in any considerable state which may arise in South-Eastern Europe. The present union between Hungary and Austria supplies a precedent for a *quasi*-federal union, which, if a greater number of states were joined together, might become more truly federal. For the king of Hungary and Dalmatia to become also king of Bosnia is not ideally the best remedy for the evil. But that, or any-

thing else, would be a relief to lands which have been so long bowed down under the yoke of the barbarian.

Here are great issues, issues so great that but few of us can have any direct control over them. But one thing we can all of us do. All of us, far and near, can stretch out a helping hand to the hapless and homeless fugitives who have fled before the face of the barbarian invader, to seek shelter in the friendly lands of Serbia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. Women, children, old men, helpless beings of every kind, have fled from the face of the destroyer to throw themselves upon the charity of their happier brethren. I, who have seen their distress, can bear witness to its being the saddest sight that my eyes ever saw. Not that either private or public charity has been lacking; but it is as when Burke spoke of the victims of another desolating war, — "It was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food." There are men on the spot, in hospitable Ragusa, who are doing all that single men can do; but the cry of these unhappy refugees is one which should speak in the ears of all Christendom, in the ears of all the civilized world. England is not commonly the last in such good works, and the cause of these helpless refugees has been strongly represented by the *Times* correspondent at Ragusa. Let me add my word to his. If there ever was a voice which ought to go to the heart, if there ever was a time when we ought to stretch forth a kindly hand, it is to help these helpless victims of a stern necessity. While their kinsfolk are fighting for faith and freedom and all that is dear to the heart of man, they can only suffer in silence, unless the hand of charity is stretched out to help them from every land where faith and freedom and the common rights of human beings are no longer things which have to be striven for on the field of battle.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

KIRKE'S Horse was allowed only a brief respite from the labours of campaign. It had scarcely settled down in its summer quarters when orders were received to be ready to march on active service with the first break of cold weather; and a few days before the appointed time, its

commandant returned from the hills quite set up again by his visit, as active as ever, plunging eagerly into all the business of regimental equipment. In reply to Yorke's inquiries after Mrs. Falkland, he said that she too was in excellent health and spirits. Yorke of course expressed his pleasure at this, hardly knowing whether he was really gratified to hear it—he had pictured her as pensive, though resigned, and yearning for sympathy—and observed, for want of something better to say, that the events at the residency, and especially the death of her husband so soon after their marriage, must have been a great shock; to which Kirke replied that she had pretty well got over that. "Marriage, you see," he went on to say, "must be a different sort of thing from an ordinary love-affair, when a woman marries a man so much older than herself. It was hardly to be expected that my cousin should be very long getting over the loss of Falkland, poor fellow. By the way, she is never tired of talking about you, and can't say too much in your praise." Notwithstanding the pleasure this remark gave him, something in Kirke's hard way of talking jarred on Yorke's feelings; and yet, he asked himself, what could he wish more than that she should have forgotten her first love? Was not that exactly what he was hoping for? There was little more said between them about Olivia. Kirke was a reserved man on private affairs; and Yorke, not being sure if Olivia had told her cousin that she was in correspondence with him, did not mention it himself.

The regiment now marched southwards, six hundred strong, the vacancies having been more than filled up with picked recruits, equipped now as lancers, with three additional subaltern officers, all promising young fellows eager to distinguish themselves, and the whole body, men and horses, in splendid order. But this campaign, although laborious and fatiguing, was not productive of much in the way of hard fighting. The enemy's spirit was now broken, and the principal duty of the cavalry was to wear them down, to follow up the roving bands which still kept the field from place to place, giving no rest until they should be all cut up or dispersed. This work, which fell mainly to the cavalry, was calculated to try men's power of endurance, as well as the officers' intelligence; but only one incident of the campaign shall be here mentioned, as it nearly occasioned at the time a quarrel between Yorke and his commanding offi-

cer, and led afterwards to serious consequences.

It was on the evening of a day marked by the surprise of a large body of the enemy, horse and foot, who had been followed up during a forced march persevered in for many days with only brief halts; the enemy had broken up after a slight struggle, and a destructive pursuit had been maintained all the afternoon, the pursuers indulging to the full the passion for taking life inherent in most human hearts, till the general in command, a man who seemed never to know what fatigue was himself, was fain to order a halt, the infantry being far behind, and the horses of the cavalry dead beat. Kirke's Horse were encamped for the night in front of the scattered column on a bare spot of ground interspersed with scanty bushes; and Kirke and Yorke, with one native officer and an orderly, were riding slowly along the front inspecting the pickets, when Kirke's quick eye detected some object behind a bush a little way in advance, and he rode towards it followed by the others. It proved to be a deserted palanquin, apparently, from the elaborate external gilding, belonging to a person of rank. After looking at it for a few moments, they were about to turn their horses' heads backwards, when the orderly with the point of his lance suddenly pushed open one of the sliding doors, exposing a veiled figure sitting upright within.

"Holloa!" said Kirke, "some member of the zenana left behind. Here's a chance for you, Yorke—you might manage to console the lady, I daresay."

"She looks rather a stout party," replied Yorke; "probably an ancient of days. What on earth are we to do with this poor old beebee? We can't leave her here to die in the jungle."

"It isn't a beebee at all, sahib," said the native officer, a swaggering young Patân, in his own language, who, catching the word beebee, had guessed the nature of the remark; and stooping down he pulled aside the shawl in which the face of the figure was enveloped, and displayed the features of a stout elderly man. "The shawl will suit me," he continued, whisking it off and placing it in front of his saddle. "And here's another for me," said the orderly, fishing up on the point of his lance the end of another shawl which was round the man's body, and then pulling it off. As he did so, a small box fell out and rolled on the ground, the lid opening

at the same time. The contents seemed to be something white.

The orderly dismounted and picked the box up. He lifted the white substance off: it was cotton-wool, below which lay some ornaments set with stones, which glittered even in the twilight.

"Jewels!" said the man, with a grin, holding the box up to his colonel.

Kirke took it from him, and held it out so that Yorke could see the contents. There were several layers of cotton, and jewels between each which seemed to be of value.

"Perhaps there are some more things worth having—just see," said Kirke to the man, who thereupon began to pull off the other garments of the occupant of the palanquin. He found a dagger with a jewelled hilt, some money rolled up in muslin round his waist, and a couple of gold drinking-vessels. Kirke told him to keep the money for himself, and to hand the dagger and vessels to the *ressaldar*; and, so saying, put the case of jewels in his pocket.

The captive meanwhile sat in the palanquin, holding up his joined hands in prayerful supplication, and constantly repeating the formula that Kirke was a protector of the poor and his father and mother.

"What is to be done with the rascal, sir?" said the *ressaldar* to Kirke, in his own language.

"Oh, we don't want any prisoners, of course," said the colonel, as he turned away and rode off; whereupon the *ressaldar* made a sign to the trooper, who, poising his lance for an instant as if to take aim, ran the man through the body as he still sat in the palkee with supplicating hands. The poor wretch fell back groaning and raising his arms as he writhed under the wound; but the trooper, drawing out his lance from the body, with a grim smile drove it in again through his chest, and, after a convulsive struggle, the body settled down into the stillness of death.

"That man must have been some one of mark," said Yorke to the colonel, as they rode away: "would it not have been worth while bringing him in as a prisoner?"

"The general would certainly have hung him in the morning; besides, our fellows are too tired to be bothered with guarding prisoners all night."

"Well, I can run a pandy through with as much gusto as any man in fair fight, but I am getting sick of this executioner's

business in cool blood after the battle; it is beastly work."

"It must be done, though," said Kirke; "the rogues have given enough trouble already, without being allowed to get off free, and begin playing the mischief again."

"I suppose it is necessary, but it isn't pleasant, and the looting part of it is not much nicer. I declare I felt little better than a Pindaree robber when we were stripping that poor wretch. Happily one has the consolation of feeling that it is plundering for the benefit of the army generally, and only indirectly for one's self. That haul we have just made may turn out to be a good one for the prize-fund."

Kirke did not reply at once. After a pause he said, "I don't think it is expected that those who do all the work should hand in every trifle they pick up for the benefit of a lot of fellows who are pottering about, taking things easily, in the rear."

"I don't call jewellery a trifle."

"Jewellery is a big word; I suppose there is about enough to make a couple of trinkets for our respective lady-loves;" and, as Kirke said this, he looked towards his companion, smiling, as if in jest, but looking also somewhat eager to see how he would receive the suggestion. "However," he added, in a low tone—for they had reached the spot where the other officers were assembled—"you may leave me to make the report of the matter."

The mule which carried the light mess-equipment of the regiment had now come up, and a tin of English soup was already warming on the fire, while the troopers around were preparing their frugal meal of corn-flour, or contentedly munching the parched grain they had brought with them. The meal despatched, all who were not on duty lay down on the ground without blanket or cloaks—for the baggage had not come up—almost too tired to smoke their cheroots before falling asleep.

Next day Yorke spoke to his commanding officer, as they were riding along together, about the things taken the evening before, and said he supposed they would be given up to the prize-agents.

"You don't expect Futteh Khan and my orderly to disgorge the things I let them take?" said Kirke. "Their ideas on such points are not quite so nice as yours." And there was something of a sneer in the tone of his voice.

"No," replied Yorke; "the things they took will be kept by them, of course. I was thinking of the jewels."

"My dear fellow, they are not worth making a fuss about. I suppose if you were to pick up an old pistol, or a grass-cutter's pony to replace the one you lost, you wouldn't feel that you had done the rest of the army out of their rights."

"But that is different. These jewels may be very valuable."

"Not much in that way, I fancy; but they are pretty little things, I admit. Look here," continued Kirke, taking the box out of his breast-pocket and holding it out towards Yorke—"look here, Yorke; you would like to take your choice, wouldn't you? Which will you have?" And Kirke's manner was such that it could not be said he was not speaking in jest, although it seemed as if he would certainly like to be taken at his word.

But Yorke, looking straight before him over his horse's head, merely waved away the offer, and said, "You are joking, colonel, of course; I take it for granted that you intend to hand the jewels over to the prize-agent."

"Oh, of course," replied the other, "I was only joking;" but he could not conceal from his manner that he felt as if he had sustained a rebuff; and the silence which followed as they rode along, was a little awkward on both sides.

Both officers, however, had plenty of work to occupy their attention, and Yorke had ceased to think about the matter when, a few weeks later, it was brought to his recollection.

He was detached from headquarters with one squadron of the regiment, at a station which had lately been reoccupied by the civil officers of government. The last embers of the great conflagration were now extinguished, and the detachment was peacefully encamped on an open space before the town, expecting orders to go into summer quarters. One evening Yorke was sauntering through the camp inspecting the horses picketed in two lines before the troopers' tents, while the ressalidar Futteh Khan attended him. The latter was dressed in his loose native garments, both of them being off duty and the inspection purely non-official, when Yorke noticed in his girdle the jewelled dagger which had been taken from the rebel in the palanquin.

"That is a handsome dagger," said Yorke in Hindustani, "and if those jewels are real it must be worth something."

"Ah, sahib, these little stones are mere trifles," replied the ressalidar; "it was the colonel sahib who carried off the loot. They say that the man whom we found in

the palkee was the raja's dewân, and that the jewels were worth a lakh of rupees."

"So much the better," replied Yorke; "we shall all get the larger share when the prize-money comes to be distributed."

"So the colonel sahib had actually made them over to the prize-agent?" asked the man, respectfully enough, yet as if surprised to hear it; and the conversation, arousing an uneasy feeling in Yorke's mind, he took the opportunity of a messenger going to regimental headquarters next day to ask Kirke about it. "I take it for granted," he said at the end of a letter written about other matters—"that you have made over the jewels to the prize-agent as you said you intended to do; but the men in the regiment appear to be talking about the thing, and to suppose that they were worth far more than their real value; while I infer from Futteh Khan's manner that he thinks he ought to have had a share. The capture having been a joint one, it is perhaps now a little unfortunate that the things were not publicly given up, so that the men might have been without any ground for suspicion that we had taken any benefit by it. It would be a great satisfaction to hear from you that the transfer has been actually made. Pray excuse my troubling you about the matter." To which Kirke replied by the following postscript in his letter sent back by the messenger: "Make your mind easy about the jewels, which were duly handed over to the proper party. They turned out to be trumpery things."

The great war having come to an end at last, and it being now the height of the hot season, the field force to which Kirke's Horse was attached was broken up, and the different regiments composing it, calling in their detachments, marched off to their respective summer quarters. Mustaphabad was the station allotted to Kirke's Horse, several hundred miles off, and not to be reached till long after the fierce Indian summer should have passed its greatest heat; but the men—veterans in campaigning, although young in years—set out on the long march in high spirits, for Mustaphabad was not far from the district in which the regiment was raised, and they might now expect to get furloughs to visit their homes. What strange chance is it, thought Yorke, which brings us back to the old eventful scenes? Can it be that the dream of my youth is really to be fulfilled, and that Olivia will be won to share my lot in that very place? a lot just as I used to picture it, a humble

home, if not quite the shabby cottage of my subaltern days. But she, too, has since then known discomfort and simple ways of life, and whatever place she lives in will be sufficiently adorned. Surely it must be a good omen which takes me there again! Plenty of time had the young man to build his castles in the air, searching over and over again in her letters for something substantial on which to erect a foundation for his hopes. At times it seemed as if her letters breathed a tenderness which, as if she was won already, at any rate invited him to declare his passion; and then, again, reading them under the influence of the reaction which would follow any excess of hopefulness, he thought he could detect only a spirit of resignation and sorrowful clinging to the memory of the past, which would render his tale of love an insult. These letters were of old date, for during the late campaign he had received no news from her. The regiment had, however, been wandering amid wild parts, difficult to communicate with; mails had been lost, and Olivia's letters might have miscarried — her notions about Indian geography and the movements of the different armies he knew to be somewhat vague, while he, for his part, had been too constantly on the move to write often; but now that they were marching along the main line of road, he would surely receive some news. Thus he thought and hoped, as the regiment slowly covered the long track, marching by night, and getting through the stifling day in their tents as best they could, for the heat seemed much harder to bear now that the excitement of active service was ended, and each camping-ground looking the exact counterpart of the last — a brown, barren, burnt-up plain.

Now and then they would come to a European station, where the officers of the famous regiment were sure of a hospitable reception from the residents, and would pass the day in the comparative coolness of a house, setting out again at midnight on the dusty road.

It was at one of these stations that Yorke heard for the first time of the death of Mr. Cunningham in England, which it appeared had been known in India for some weeks. This accounts for her silence, thought he; no wonder she had not spirits to write when bowed down with this fresh calamity. And how heartless my last letter to her must have seemed, for she could not have supposed that I was ignorant of what everybody in

India seemed to know! And being full of the news, he naturally spoke to Kirke about it the first time they met. They were spending the day as guests at different houses, but were to dine together at a regimental mess, and he met his commandant when riding into the mess-garden at dusk. They had never once referred to Olivia in conversation since the first day after Kirke's return from the hills in the previous autumn. Yorke was not sure if the other had guessed the state of his own feelings, but Kirke was a man who was wont to speak somewhat contemptuously of women in general, and had often expressed the opinion that soldiers were spoiled by marriage; and Yorke thought he would not look favourably on the idea of having a married second in command, still less one married to his cousin. Indeed Yorke fancied he could detect a tone of pique in Kirke's manner when congratulating him on the high regard entertained for him by Olivia, which induced him to abstain from talking about her, still more from any expression of wonder at not getting letters from her; and a reserve of this sort once set up became every day more difficult to break through. Now, however, Yorke made the attempt.

"Have you heard the news, colonel?" he said, as the two met at the garden entrance, and rode slowly up the drive together to the mess-house. "Have you heard the news of poor Cunningham's death?"

"Oh yes, of course," replied Kirke; "I heard of that some weeks ago: I thought everybody knew it. A case of liver, I believe; he was very bad, as it turned out, when he went home."

"I only heard of it this afternoon. This will alter Mrs. Falkland's plans, I suppose, and even delay her journey home? I have understood that she has no near relations to whom she could go. It is a sad situation for her; I have been able to think of nothing else all day." When he said this, the young fellow felt himself like a selfish hypocrite, being sensible in reality of a sensation of rapture, as if the loss of her father brought her one step nearer to himself.

"Very good of you, I am sure," replied Kirke, drily, and speaking slightly through his nose, as was his manner when intending to be sarcastic. "Yes, indeed, it is difficult to say what she is to do under the circumstances, isn't it? A handsome young woman like her wants a protector of some sort, doesn't she?"

Here they had arrived at the mess-

house, and the conversation perforce ended. Nor did Yorke feel disposed to renew it, for Kirke's tone jarred on him. And the subject was not referred to again during the rest of the march.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MUSTAPHABAD was reached at last, some time after the rainy season had set in. It was still very hot, but the country had now put on its green mantle again, and was no longer a wilderness; and it seemed to Yorke another good omen that on the very day of their marching in, the English mail arrived with another batch of honours; Kirke was promoted to a full colonel, and Yorke made a C.B.

The regiment was met on arrival by the general—for Mustaphabad was now the headquarters of a division—no less a person than our old friend Tartar, now Sir Montague Tartar, K.C.B., who came out to meet it at the head of his staff as a compliment to this distinguished corps; and after a brief inspection, and some praise bestowed for the excellent appearance of both men and horses after the long march, the regiment proceeded to occupy the quarters allotted them, the native cavalry lines on the right flank of the station, the officers taking possession of such of the vacant bungalows as they had engaged beforehand,—comfortable houses enough, especially by contrast with tents, which had been lately rethatched and repaired, and, with their neat gardens, looked none the worse for the mutiny damages. Kirke alone of the officers had not been able to make up his mind about hiring a house beforehand, and took possession of a couple of rooms in the mess-house until he could choose one for himself.

During the first few days after their arrival, regimental business kept all the officers employed. Horses had to be cast, and men's furlough papers made out, and arms overhauled and replaced; but when this was all set in train, and Yorke thought he could be spared, he asked Kirke to forward his application for the usual sixty days' leave.

"I can't let you go just now, my dear fellow," said Kirke, "for I am just going to take privilege leave myself, and we can't both be absent together. But you shall have your leave as soon as ever I come back."

Yorke thought this a little selfish, as Kirke had had long leave the previous season, and he not a day; however, the latter was commanding officer and could please himself, so there was no more to

be said about it. And Yorke set himself to getting as best he could through the sixty days which had to be passed till his turn should come. It was pleasant to find that the station had quite recovered its ordinary aspect, for the ravages of the mutineers and plunderers who followed in their train, although awful to witness, had but a limited scope to work upon. The Anglo-Indian bungalow consists of substantial walls supporting a thatched roof, which, if it could be easily burnt, could also be easily replaced; this done and the walls whitewashed, the house looks as good as new, while the rapid growth of Indian vegetation soon obliterates any damage done to Indian gardens by trampling over the shrubs. The little bungalow at the other end of the station in the lines formerly occupied by the 76th Native Infantry, which Spragge and he used to live in, looked just the same as ever; it was occupied again, and there, standing by the stable-door in the corner of the garden, as Yorke rode by on the evening of his arrival, was the new tenant smoking a cigar and superintending the littering-up of his horse, just as he used to do in the days of the gallant Devotion—evidently a subaltern as he had been, but who probably surveyed life like a veteran from the vantage-ground of one or two campaigns. The residency, too, which of course he rode out to see on his first spare evening, had been completely restored, and with a fresh coat of plaster on the walls was looking quite smart; while half a score of scarlet-clad messengers lounged about the portico, just as in the old pre-mutiny days. The new commissioner, a civilian, from another part of the country, being out for his evening drive, Yorke took the liberty of dismounting and walking over the grounds, recalling the different points rendered memorable in his mind by incidents of the siege. There, for example, was the bush behind which the fellow was crouching whom Egan shot, the first man he saw hit. Hard by, a stone with an inscription recorded that the body of Major Peart had been disinterred from underneath that spot, and removed to the cantonment cemetery. The bodies of the rebels, too, he learnt, had been exhumed from the well into which they were cast, and the interior filled up. He walked into the west veranda. The family of the new commissioner was in England, and the rooms on this side were unoccupied. Here was *her* room. How neat and trim she always looked when she stepped forth, even in those times! And

here was the spot where was the old beer-chest on which he used to sit when on guard, and when she would come and sit down too sometimes of an evening, and Falkland would look in and join in a few minutes' chat. How sweet her gentle laugh was that evening when Spragge was hunting the scorpion! Only two years ago, and it seems like twenty. But ah! if the end of my pilgrimage should now be near at hand!

For the present, however, there was nothing for it but patience, and it happened that there was plenty of employment to occupy his time, in the task which now devolved on him of unravelling the regimental accounts. The financial economy of a native cavalry regiment, in which the men find their own horses, and a *quasi*-feudal system used to obtain, some of the wealthier sort bringing their own retainers at contract rates, is always more or less complicated, involving the need for the employment of a native banker, who forms a regular part of its establishment. The fact that the regiment had been raised in a hurry and been almost constantly on active service did not tend to make matters simpler, the men having scarcely ever had a regular issue of pay, but having been maintained from allowances made from time to time on account, which had still to be adjusted. Kirke, who had kept these affairs entirely in his own hands, was moreover not a good man of business, and Yorke found the regimental accounts in such confusion that he would fain have abstained from taking them up during his temporary command; but the discharges had to be made out of some disabled men, and to square their accounts involved going into those of the whole regiment. So he was obliged to apply himself to the troublesome task.

But business and day-dreams were both interrupted by the news he received one day. It was in a letter from Spragge, who, like himself, had been campaigning during the past season, leaving his young wife in the hills for her confinement, and had now rejoined her on leave soon after the birth of his child. "I found my dear little wife," said the writer, "making a good recovery, and baby nearly a month old. Both Kitty and I want you to be godfather to the youngster, who is to be called Arthur Yorke Christopher—her poor father was called Christopher, you know. I am sure you won't refuse us. It does seem so funny to be a papa, and to think that only two years ago I was merely a poor beggar of an ensign, without a

rupee to bless myself with, and about as much idea of being able to marry as of being made governor-general. I tell Kitty she wouldn't have looked at me in those days. What a wonderful event this mutiny has been, to be sure! It has been the making of us all, hasn't it? They were jolly days too, though, when we were chumming together with the old 76th, weren't they? though I was so awfully hard up then. But the married state is the happy one, after all; I never could have supposed that any girl would have got to care for a rum-looking fellow like me—and Kitty is a wife beyond what words can express. You ought to follow my example, my dear fellow; why don't you come up and pay us a visit? There are no end of nice girls up here, and a swell like you might have his choice. By the way, your old flame is about to console herself immediately, as of course you have heard. The wedding is to take place to-morrow, I believe, but it has been kept very quiet, and no one is invited—I suppose because the lady lost her father such a short time ago. Kitty says she was sure your C.O. was very sweet on her—I don't mean Kitty, but the other—when he was up here last rains; but I always thought he was such a tremendous soldier, and woman-hater into the bargain, that matrimony was quite out of his line. However, my little wife is more knowing in these things than me."

As Yorke, stopping in his reading of the letter at this point, looked round the room, he felt that while nothing in it had changed, he had entered in these few moments on another world. There on the table lay the shabby books of regimental accounts, the floor was littered with Hindustani vouchers and figured statements, squatting by which sat the patient moonshee, figured abstract in hand, waiting the sahib's pleasure to proceed with the addition; the punkah flapped to and fro lazily overhead; outside the door a couple of orderlies were chatting in undertones, discussing probably, as usual, the price of wheat in the bazaar. Everything about him denoted the same monotonous workaday world as it had been a few moments before, but a world from which all hope and pleasure had fled—a world now inexpressibly flat and dreary for the future. Summoning up courage, however, he called to the moonshee to proceed with the reading of his vernacular abstract, while he checked off the corresponding English account before him, keeping his attention to it and yet wondering at his own calmness. "Is it that I have really no heart," he asked

himself the while, "that I am about to do these things?" But no; the crushed feeling and the utter desolation that possessed him gave up a plain answer on this point. For an hour he continued the plodding occupation in hand before dismissing the moonshine, and then, pacing up and down the room, could think over the announcement in the bitterness of his heart. Once he stopped and took up the letter from the table to see if any doubt could be gleaned from it; but the facts were too plain to admit of consolation on this score. This was not mere station gossip; besides, it was only too plainly corroborated by what had gone before. Olivia's silence, Kirke's sarcastic, triumphant manner, were now plainly accounted for. "People call me the lucky major," he said bitterly; "and I am the object of envy to half the youngsters in the country — what a satire is this on the falseness of appearances! no whipped cuckold could feel meaner than I do now." Then the thought came up whether he was not paying the penalty for his modesty. Could it be that Olivia had accepted her cousin out of pique because he had not declared himself? This foolish idea, however, was soon dismissed; though the young man said to himself, with a sort of savage joy, that after all the real Olivia was something less noble than the image he had carried so long in his heart. "I kept back my tale of love because I thought it would offend her gentle breast to hear it while mourning for her husband; and lo! all the while she was already consoling herself with another. Nor is it my Olivia who would be satisfied with the love of such a man as Kirke — so hard, narrow, and selfish." Here his better judgment told him that he was talking nonsense; it was no wonder a woman and a cousin should fall in love with so splendid a soldier. "By heaven, if he is unkind to her, I will kill him!" But no; Yorke's conscience told him that this would not happen. He was hard and cruel, but not to his own kind.

"Well," he said at last, "what does it matter? My idol is shattered; but I was a fool to carry about so unsubstantial a thing. I have my profession, and I suppose, like everybody else, I shall get over the disappointment. At any rate, there is no need to pose in the character of the jilted lover. No one knows what a fool I have been; even Sprague thinks my 'old flame,' as he calls it, was burnt out long ago; and no one shall now discover my secret."

Nevertheless he felt that he could not

have faced the regimental mess-dinner that evening, where the approaching marriage of the commanding officer would certainly be the engrossing topic, and was glad that he had an engagement to dine out with his old friend General Tartar, at whose house he found himself taking an unconcerned share in the conversation, and a steady hand at whist afterwards.

Only one allusion was made to the approaching event, when his host, next to whom Yorke sat, said to him, "So our pretty widow is about to console herself. Well, I shouldn't have thought Kirke was a marrying man; but if he was to commit himself in this way at all, he couldn't have done better." Tartar was a confirmed old bachelor himself, who married, a few years afterwards, a widow with a large family.

Yorke replied, in an unconcerned voice, that he supposed Mrs. Falkland would be well off, as she had her first husband's property as well as her father's.

"Falkland didn't leave a penny — he was notoriously liberal to prodigality — but her father must have saved something; although you mustn't suppose," continued Sir Montague, who had the reputation of being very fond of money, and to be serving in India because it was such a favourable field for profitable investments, "that a man living by himself in India can't spend his income easily enough. Well, Kirke will find the money useful; he won't have a rupee more than he has need for."

This was an allusion to the fact that Kirke was supposed to be heavily in debt; but Yorke did not care to discuss the private affairs of his commanding officer with a third party, and the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEXT day Yorke received a letter from Kirke himself. It was chiefly on regimental business, but contained at the end the following paragraph: —

"You will, of course, have heard of my approaching marriage. My wife — for so I may call her, since the marriage is to take place this afternoon — will write to you herself in a few days, to explain why the matter has been kept so quiet, even from our mutual friends; but I must take this opportunity to thank you on her behalf for your many kindnesses. She will always retain a grateful recollection of them, and continue to regard you as a warm friend."

"I don't believe she will write the promised letter notwithstanding," said Yorke to

himself (and, indeed, the letter never came); and he sat wondering idly how far the message was really sent by Olivia herself, and whether Kirke guessed his feelings, and wished to express pity for his disappointment.

A day or two afterwards the newspapers contained the announcement of the marriage of Colonel Rupert Kirke, C. B., Commandant Kirke's Horse, to Olivia, daughter of the late Archibald Cunningham, Esquire, Bengal Civil Service.

No allusion to her being Falkland's widow, though the young man bitterly, as he read the notice; it is as well, forsooth, that noble fellow should be forgotten. And yet, he added, apostrophizing himself, why be a hypocrite? You would have been pleased enough, you know in your heart, that she should forget Falkland for your benefit. Besides, it is not she, but the bridegroom, who has sent the notice to the papers.

Yorke's first impulse was to take leave and go away to avoid being present when Kirke should return with his wife; but he was restrained by a fear lest the cause of his absence should be suspected, and like the man who lingers in a company because he feels that his character will be discussed as soon as his back is turned, so Yorke held on at his post, determined to face the return of Kirke and his bride, at whatever cost to himself.

This took place about a month after the wedding, just as the rainy season was coming to an end, and when a fresh coolness in the early mornings betokened the approach of the charms of an Indian winter.

Kirke's delay in taking a house had of course been explained by his intended marriage. He wanted to select a house himself instead of choosing one beforehand. And there not being one sufficiently good in the cavalry lines, he had now written to engage a large house in another part of the station. Thither the newly-married pair came, a day sooner than was expected, arriving at daybreak; and Yorke, returning that morning from a visit to the general, was riding at foot-pace down the road bordered by the garden of Kirke's house, when he came upon Kirke and Olivia, standing in the garden-drive a few steps within the entrance. Kirke called out to him as he passed by, and advanced towards him, and he had no resource but to turn into the drive to meet him, and dismounting to shake hands and to move on where Olivia stood a few paces behind.

Kirke was neatly dressed as usual, in a light morning suit, with a wideawake hat covered with a drab silk turban, his face clean shaven save for the heavy black moustache. Olivia was dressed in a black-and-white muslin robe, with a large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon, her face shaded from the sun by a parasol, and Yorke could not help admitting to himself what a handsome couple they looked, and how well suited to each other; while Olivia's appearance and figure as she stood before him brought back forcibly the recollection of the day when he paid his first visit to the residency, and she walked across the park with her father to greet him. How like, and yet how changed! the first freshness of youth had passed away, although in his eyes she appeared as beautiful as ever, and he thought she looked nervous and distraught as he advanced towards her. She held out her hand, which he took gravely. "Does she confess that she has jilted me?" thought he; "and does that anxious look mean an appeal for mercy and forgiveness? But who am I that I should interpret looks—a blockhead that is always fancying a light-hearted woman to be in love with him, when really she is handing her heart about all round the country? Probably she is wondering whether I am going to stay for breakfast, and whether there is enough to eat in the house." And yet, as he thought over it afterwards, surely, if she was not conscious of wrong-doing, this was a strange meeting for two old friends and constant correspondents.

The conversation began with commonplace. What sort of a journey had they had down? and was not this first feeling of cold delightful? "Cold!" said Olivia, "it seems so dreadfully hot after the hills." Then noticing his horse, she said: "Ah! there is Selim; how well he looks," going up to it and patting its neck, "after all he has gone through, dear thing! What good care you have taken of him!"

Yorke remained silent, for he could not trust himself to speak, being tempted to bid her take back her gift, and an awkward pause ensued, ended by Kirke's plunging into business, and beginning to ask various questions about the regiment, while Olivia stood by listening. Presently several of the native officers of the regiment came up in a body to pay their respects, the news of the commandant's arrival having now reached the lines, and Yorke took his departure, Kirke asking him as he mounted to ride off to come and dine that evening. They would be

quite alone, he said, for they had not settled down, but were still all at sixes and sevens in the house. And Yorke accepted the invitation. The sooner I get accustomed to the thing the better, he said to himself, as he rode off, not knowing rightly whether he had gotten himself free from his chains, or was in closer bondage than ever.

Fortunately for him, he was not as it turned out the Kirkes' only guest at dinner that evening, Maxwell the regimental surgeon being also of the party. Olivia was dressed in black, being still in mourning for her father; but except that she seemed a little paler than before, Yorke did not now perceive any change in her; already he was forgetting the old face and remembering only the new.

The house, notwithstanding Kirke's apologies, seemed already to be in good order; it was indeed unusually well furnished for one in an up-country station; the servants were in livery with handsome waist-belts and turbans ornamented with silver crests, and all the table appointments were new and costly. The arrangements all showed careful pre-arrangement, for a large establishment is not to be set up without notice a thousand miles from Calcutta. How far had Olivia been cognizant of all this, and the engagement one of long standing? or had Kirke done it all in anticipation of her accepting him?

The conversation — interrupted at times by Kirke scolding the servants loudly because something or other had been forgotten — turned principally on the campaign, and the later parts of it, for Olivia had not met Maxwell since the residency siege, and there was an awkwardness in going back to those times. Kirke, however, showed no delicacy on that score; for on Maxwell observing that the garden outside looked very neat and well kept, considering that the place had been so long unoccupied, Kirke said that the whole station seemed in capital order; "and I am told," he added, "that the residency is looking quite spick and span again. We must drive over there to-morrow, Olivia, if we have time, and have a look round the old place."

Olivia looked distressed, but her husband did not notice it, and went on: "I hear that they have moved Peart's body out of the garden, and the other fellows who were buried there. So they have got decent interment at last, which is more than can be said for a good many of our old friends."

Then Olivia rose from the table and went into the drawing-room, and Yorke could see that her face was pale, and that she looked hurt and ashamed. The man is perfectly brutal in his want of perception, he said to himself. Decent interment indeed! I wonder what dungheap covers poor Falkland's bones?

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Olivia was outside in the veranda, but she joined them soon afterwards and made tea. Yorke noticed that the tea-service and appointments were all handsome and expensive.

Presently Kirke proposed that Olivia should sing; and she went to the piano — a large one, evidently new like everything else. Kirke, who did not know one note of music from another, sat in an easy-chair with his hands behind his head and went to sleep. Yorke felt that politeness demanded he should go up and stand by the performer, but he could not bring himself to do what would seem like an act of forgiveness and blotting out old memories; so he too kept his chair. Maxwell did the same: and, after Olivia had sung and played for a few minutes, she stopped and joined them again. The cessation of the music awoke her husband, who held out his left hand as she passed his chair, and gave hers a caress. Yorke remembered the occasion when her first husband had done just the same thing, on the day when he first saw them together on the outbreak of the mutiny. Truly an old performer in the part, he thought, bitterly; and somehow the act made her sink lower in his estimation, although he could not help admitting to himself that, if he had been the second husband, he should not have thought the worse of her for permitting these little endearments.

Maxwell and Yorke walked home together, instead of riding, the evening air being now cool and pleasant. They were both silent for a little while, each apparently averse to discuss the matter which occupied his thoughts. At last Maxwell said, with some bitterness of tone, "The commandant does not grow wiser in money matters as he grows older. What a foolish beginning, to be sure! It would need twice his pay to live in that style. And he must be heavily in debt, to start with — at least he was before the mutiny."

"But I suppose Mrs. Kirke succeeds to all her father's property? He ought to have saved a good deal with his large salary."

"I doubt if he had saved a farthing. There is nothing easier than to muddle

away your income, however large it may be. He told me just before he started for England that he should have nothing but his pension to live on, barely enough for a bachelor who never gave money a thought; and he was saying what a comfort it was to him that his daughter was so well provided for. No, I can fancy a heedless youngster starting off in extravagance like this on his marriage—it was just the sort of thing a foolish young civilian might have done in old days; but a man like Kirke ought to have more sense than to begin by buying a lot of things he can't pay for. If he does not pull up soon there will be a smash, take my word for it. Well, I am glad I shall not be here to see it. No," he continued, seeing that the other looked surprised, "the war is over, and my work is done; I am entitled to my full pension, and may as well take it at once."

"I know we could not have expected you to stay much longer with us; it must be close on your time for promotion: but surely it is a bad time to retire, just as you are coming into the good things of the service."

"Good things of the service,—what are they? To become a superintending surgeon, and spend your day in an office making out returns and reports, and never seeing a real case from one year's end to the other? No, I am too fond of my profession for that, and I have enough for my wants. Besides, I daresay I may practice a little at home, if needs be. And to tell you the truth, Yorke," continued the doctor, stopping short—for they had now got to the point in the road where their ways parted—"I don't care to stay here any longer. Falkland was a dear friend of mine, and so was her father,"—pointing with his hand in the direction of the house they had just left,—“and I can't bear to see her toying with another man in that way, and so soon, too, after that noble fellow's death. I am not a marrying man myself, and may be peculiar in my ideas, but there seems a sort of degradation in the thing."

Yorke, too, as he walked away, felt that there had been degradation, and yet he knew in his heart that the offence would have vanished from his eyes if Olivia had reserved her fondling for himself. "And what would my old friend Maxwell think of me, I wonder, if he knew that the feeling uppermost in my heart is envy, and not contempt?"

A big dinner given by the officers of Kirke's Horse at their mess to the com-

mandant and his bride, at which Yorke as second in command occupied the centre of the table, with Olivia on his right hand, was the first of a series of entertainments held in honour of the newly-married couple; and society at Mustaphabad was as lively during that cold season as it had ever been in pre-mutiny days, the Kirkes soon beginning to return freely the hospitalities they received. A handsome new carriage for Olivia had arrived from Calcutta, with a pair of fast-trotting Australian horses; Kirke's own chargers were the best that could be got in India; and the officers of the regiment, who during the war had been dressed in plain drab little better than that worn by the men, were now requested to procure an elaborate uniform covered with embroidery, of a pattern designed by the colonel, and with horse-appointments to match. It was plain to everybody that this style of living would not be met by the salary of a commandant of irregular cavalry; but, although there were rumours in the station, where gossip as usual was rife, of servants' wages and bazaar bills unpaid, the general presumption was that Mrs. Kirke had been left a fortune by her father. A man who had drawn a large salary for many years, and kept only a bachelor establishment, would naturally have saved a good deal, which must have come to his only daughter. So society was satisfied, although pronouncing the Kirkes to be foolish in the matter of expenditure, and criticising freely the costly style of entertainment in which they indulged. Rather, they might have said, in which Kirke indulged, for he was the sole manager of their domestic concerns. His wife had had no experience of house-keeping, and Kirke found it easier to do things himself than to show her how to do them. Thus he began by ordering the dinner during their honeymoon, and kept up the practice, Olivia being quite satisfied to leave the matter in his hands, as well as the management of the servants and dealings with tradesmen. Her own toilet once furnished, she had no need for money, for there were no ladies' shops in Mustaphabad, and if there had been, cash payments would not have been employed. Thus, beyond ordering the carriage when she wanted it, or sending for her ayah when that domestic failed to appear at the proper time, Olivia took no more part in the management of the household than if she had been a guest in it, even her notes of invitation being carried out by one of the colonel's orderlies; and of the state

of his ways and means she was wholly ignorant, as she was equally of the gossip about his debts. She had always been surrounded by easy circumstances, and the sort of life they led seemed quite in the natural way. After all, her establishment was not on a larger scale than that of Mrs. Plunger, whose husband commanded the dragoon regiment now at Mustaphabad; but then Olivia did not know that Colonel Plunger was a man of fortune, whose presence in India was an accident due to the mutiny, and who was anxiously casting about for the means of exchanging out of it again.

Any misgivings Yorke might have allowed himself to entertain lest Kirke should ill-treat his wife proved to be unfounded. Kirke, though a hard man and cruel in his dealings with enemies and rebels, was gentle with her; although not manifesting much of the little endearments which might naturally have been given to a newly-married wife, he was thoroughly kind, and Yorke could never detect anything in his treatment of her to which in his heart he could take exception. Kirke was disposed to be harsh to his men, and somewhat overbearing towards his officers, now that the war had come to an end; and was often violent with his servants, abusing them at meals if anything went wrong, and striking them for trifling offences; and this used at first to distress Olivia, who had never seen anything of the kind before, for her father was a man slow to anger, and Falkland used to treat everybody about him, native and European, with gentle courtesy; but after a time she appeared to get accustomed to these ebullitions, and Yorke could not help admitting that she was both fond and proud of her husband, and that any qualms she might have felt at discarding himself—and he was not sure that she had ever entertained such a feeling—had become lulled to rest by the familiarity of the new footing on which they now stood to each other.

Thus the time passed on under these new and strange conditions. Among other liberal tastes Kirke indulged in, was that of keeping open house for the officers of the regiment. Although fond of his wife's society, and frequenting the mess but little, for he neither smoked nor played billiards, he was not a man of much mental resource, and preferred always seeing his wife at the head of the table with more or less company sitting at it, to dining alone with her; Yorke especially was very frequently there, and even when

her health no longer permitted her to dine out, or receive general company, he still received frequent invitations as an old friend to join their dinner, and was thus constantly at the house, as constantly making resolutions to break off the intimacy and to get transferred to another regiment, or at least to go on leave, but nevertheless still hanging on, accepting the invitations received almost daily, watching the condition of his hostess with feelings strangely compounded of interest, anger, and self-contempt.

From The Contemporary Review.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS.*

THE critic who calls our attention to true poetry does us one of the best possible services; for no imagery derived from the beauty or the bounteousness of nature—from golden islands of the sunset or pearly dews of dawn, from corn, or wine, or glowing fruit—can express too strongly the goodness of poetry that is really such; but in proportion to the gracious beneficence of this service is the maleficence of critics who, by their wit or their authority, beguile us into reading atrociously bad verse. If I ever saw anything in print that deserved to be characterized as atrociously bad, it is the poetry of Walt Whitman; and the three critics of repute, Dr. Dowden, Mr. W. Rossetti, and Mr. Buchanan, who have praised his performances, appear to me to be playing off on the public a well-intentioned, probably good-humoured, but really cruel hoax. I shall state briefly what I found the so-called poetry to be, presenting a few samples of Whitman's work: if these are such as the English public will regard with any other feelings but scorn and disgust, I for one have mistaken the character of my countrymen.

The "Leaves of Grass," under which designation Whitman includes all his poems, are unlike anything else that has passed among men as poetry. They are neither in rhyme nor in any measure known as blank verse; and they are emitted in spurts or gushes of unequal length, which can only by courtesy be called lines. Neither in form nor in substance are they poetry; they are inflated, wordy, foolish prose; and it is only because he and his eulogists call them

* "Leaves of Grass." By Walt Whitman. Washington and London.

poems, and because I do not care to dispute about words, that I give them the name. Whitman's admirers maintain that their originality is their superlative merit. I undertake to show that it is a mere knack, a "trick of singularity," which sound critics ought to expose and denounce, not to commend.

The secret of Whitman's surprising newness — the principle of his conjuring trick — is on the surface. It can be indicated by the single word, extravagance. In all cases he virtually, or consciously, puts the question, what is the most extravagant thing which it is here in my power to say? What is there so paradoxical, so hyperbolical, so nonsensical, so indecent, so insane, that no man ever said it before, that no other man would say it now, and that therefore it may be reckoned on to create a sensation? He announced himself as poet with a contemptuous allusion — we shall see its terms farther on — to those poets whose fame has shed lustre on America, and he expressly declares war against all regulated and reasonable things.

I confront peace, security, and all the settled laws, to unsettle them,

I am more resolute because all have denied me than I could ever have been had all accepted me;

I heed not, and have never heeded, either experience, cautions, majorities, nor ridicule.

And the threat of what is called hell is little or nothing to me;

And the lure of what is called heaven is little or nothing to me.

Goethe said that the assent of even one man confirmed him infinitely in his opinion; Whitman is only the more peremptory in his egotism when he finds that people of sense disagree with him. In spite, however, of his fakir-like gesticulations, his extravagance generally continues dull.

Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from ;
The scent of these armpits, aroma finer than prayer ;

This head more than churches, Bibles, and all the creeds.

If I worship one thing more than another it shall be the spread of my own body or any part of it.

Mr. Ruskin insists that there are errors and blemishes of such exceeding and immedicable vileness that, if you find a single instance of their occurrence in the work of an artist, you may, with assured heart, turn once and forever from his pictures, confident that, since the tree is cor-

rupt, its fruit will always be noxious. Whether Mr. Ruskin is absolutely right as to the fact I shall not undertake to decide ; but I challenge Professor Dowden, Mr. W. Rossetti, and Mr. Buchanan, to produce, from any poet of acknowledged excellence, a single passage so offensively silly as the preceding. I beg readers to force themselves to look well at the lines. It is a man who talks of himself as divine inside and out, and drivels nauseously about the scent of his armpits, whom we are called upon to welcome as a great poet. Whitman, as Professor Dowden will by-and-by attest for us, prints incomparably more indecent things than this, but the words are thoroughly characteristic. They have exactly the originality of Whitman, and we cannot refuse to admit that they are unique.

One of the most favourite extravagances of Whitman is extravagant conceit, and he occasionally indulges it in forms which in England would simply be regarded as evidence of idiocy.

I conned old times ;

I sat studying at the feet of the great masters :
Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me !

Much good would it do them. Equally silly, but more pompous in its silliness, is what follows :—

The moth and the fish-eggs are in their place ;
The suns I see, and the suns I cannot see, are in their place ;

The palpable is in its place, and the impalpable is in its place.

Do men of talent mumble truisms like this? And is there any excuse for such pretentious twaddle after the doctrine that everything is right in its own time and place had been stated, with a pith and quaint humour not likely to be surpassed, by the author of the Proverbs of Solomon?

Whitman's writings abound with reproductions of the thoughts of other men, spoiled by obtuseness or exaggeration. He can in no case give the finely correct application of a principle, or indicate the reserves and exceptions whose appreciation distinguishes the thinker from the dogmatist: intense black and glaring white are his only colours. The mysterious shadings of good into evil and evil into good, the strange minglings of pain with pleasure and of pleasure with pain, in the web of human affairs, have furnished a theme for musing to the deepest minds of our species. But problems that were felt to be insoluble by Shakespeare

and Goethe have no difficulty for this bard of the West. Extravagant optimism and extravagant pessimism, both wrong and shallow, conduct him to "the entire denial of evil" (the words are Professor Dowden's), to the assertion that "there is no imperfection in the present and can be none in the future," and to the vociferous announcement that success and failure are pretty much the same.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?

I say also that it is good to fall — battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead ;
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fail'd !
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea !

And to those themselves who sank in the sea !
And to all generals that lost engagements !
and all overcome heroes !

And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known.

Mr. Carlyle's lifelong effort to show that the success of the hero is, on the whole, a proof that he deserved to succeed, has, it seems, been a waste of power. "Vivas to those who have failed !" "Hurrah for the gallows !" I do not know that a better illustration could be found of the evil effect of Whitman's obliterating extravagance than these lines. They contain the blurred and distorted lineaments of a mysterious and melancholy truth. Noble innocence and courage have been indeed laid low ; beauty and virtue have in every age been seen "walking hand in hand the downward slope to death ;" and all hearts thrill at the thought of murdered Naboth and his sons, and of Lear hanging over the white lips of Cordelia. But the soul of the pathos in all these instances lies in their exceptional nature. It is because we feel that they violate the law of justice, the fundamental ordinances of human society, that they move us. It is because, whether from a voracious instinct, or from a blissful illusion, we believe success to be the natural reward of merit, and happiness the natural guerdon of virtue, that we are agonized by the death-shrieks of Desdemona or the slow torture of Joan of Arc. If human affairs were a mad welter of causeless failure and unmerited success, as they are represented in this passage of Whitman's, there could be no such thing as pathos either in life or in art.

Whitman is never more audaciously extravagant than when he takes some well-

known poetical idea, and inflates it into bombast.

Dazzling and tremendous, how quick the sunrise would kill me,

If I could not now and always send sunrise out of me.

It is a beautiful and touching thought that our joy brightens the summer flowers, and that our sorrow lends mournfulness to winter's snow ; but it is mere extravagant nonsense to say that sunrise would kill a man unless he sent sunrise out of him. The sun has been the prey of poetical charlatans time out of mind, and Whitman cruelly bedrives the long-suffering luminary :—

I depart in air—I shake my white locks at the runaway sun ;

I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

It would be interesting to know what meaning Whitman's admirers attach to the second of these lines : to my thinking it is not one whit more rational, and infinitely less amusing, than the talk of the walrus and the carpenter in "Alice through the Looking-Glass."

Oxen that rattle the yoke and chain, or halt in the leafy shade ! What is that you express in your eyes ?

It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life.

Whitman's eulogists tell us that he reads Shakespeare, Homer, and the Bible. Can they pretend to believe it to be anything but fantastic affectation to say that there is more in the eyes of oxen than in these ? Whitman must have been consciously affected when he wrote the words : they are stupid as affectation, incredible as anything else. But the brutes are rather a favourite theme with our poet.

I think I could turn and live with animals ; they are so placid and self-contained ;

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition ;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins ;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God ;

Not one is dissatisfied — not one is demented with the mania of owning things ;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago ;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

Wise men have long been, and are likely to be, content to learn from the bee and the ant ; but neither the sage of the past

nor the scientific man of the present can have anything to say for such teaching as this of Whitman's. His statements are neither accurate nor sagacious; they are a confused echo, extravagantly absurd, of teachings which he has not understood. Patiently and closely observant of the animals, Mr. Darwin and his followers have shown that they are much more like men than used to be thought: that they have, in germ, almost all human passions, as well as the institutions of marriage and property; that they exhibit in a pronounced form the human failings of jealousy, hatred, revenge, and cunning, and some faint adumbration of the human virtues of tenderness, faithfulness, and self-sacrifice. But it is a wild caricature of Darwin's teaching to panegyrize the animals for those qualities in which they are markedly below humanity; and there is curious infelicity in combining with this vague panegyric the particular libel of charging them with lack of industry, a virtue which, on pain of death, they are bound to exhibit. "In beetle-dom are no poor-laws," and the beast that will not seek its livelihood perishes out of hand. "Loafing and making poems," which Whitman describes as his favourite modes of existence, are privileges or perversities peculiar to human nature. Nor would Whitman have learned from Darwin the pitiful extravagance of despising, or affecting to despise, human qualities for no reason, suggested or implied, but because they are human. There is no apparent reason why it should be more contemptible for men to build temples than for crows to build nests; and since it has been in all ages and generations a habit with mankind to discuss their duty to God, it would have been less inhumanly insolent in Whitman to evince some respect for the practice than to say that it turns him sick. The sneer about weeping in the dark for sins might have been expressly directed against one of the best-known verses of Goethe, a man not given to sentimental brooding or self-questioning, but who knew that tears shed at midnight on solitary beds are not displeasing to "the heavenly powers."

Let it not be thought, however, that because Whitman speaks scornfully of duty to God and of sin, he never praises religion. Self-contradiction is one of the commonest freaks of affectation, and Whitman never hesitates to contradict himself. He oscillates, in fact, from extreme to extreme, and parades now this extravagance, now that, consistent only in avoidance of

the golden mean. We have seen that it makes him sick to hear men discussing their duty to God. His extravagance in its pious tune is almost equally offensive.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion; Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur:
(Nor character, nor life worthy the name, without religion;
Nor land, nor man, nor woman, without religion.)

This is just as silly as to praise pigs and foxes for not worshipping God. Here is another illustration of Whitman's habit of exaggerating truth or half-truth into falsehood.

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow, crunching with depress'd head, surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

This is exceptionally good for Whitman. Several of the lines have a picturesque felicity. So recently as a quarter of a century ago they might have passed for true science and sound theology; but progress in understanding the constitution of nature has within the specified period been unprecedentedly rapid; truths which, five-and-twenty years ago, were but as streaks of pale crimson on the horizon, have flashed into general recognition; and the natural theology which revelled in talk like this, about the miracles of nature and the impotence of man, is irrevocably superseded. Those who have read with any carefulness in modern science know that throughout nature there is no perfection discoverable by man; everything is in perpetual change, perpetual movement; and the "type of perfect," of which Plato dreamed and Tennyson has sung, can be found neither in mouse nor in mountain. It has been recognized that man invents, and that nature, with her task set her at every point by mechanical necessity, does not invent. The hinge in the hand does not put machinery to scorn; and Helmholtz, without incurring the charge of arrogance from any scientific man, pronounces the eye an instrument "full of defects." The line about the mouse convincing sex-

billions of infidels is a mere platitude of the kind for which Paley used to stand sponsor; and we have to recollect that if the sextillions of infidels, when convinced by the miraculous mouse, began to discuss their duty to God, they would immediately make Mr. Whitman sick.

It must be confessed that this last would be a frame of mind or of body much more customary with him than that in which he points out the unreasonableness of infidels in declining to be "staggered" by mice. Fierce disdain for faith in God, except as a phase of human fancying, is one of his recurrent moods, and though he may not express it in words, there is no maxim which he more energetically enforces than this — "Reverence nothing."

Magnifying and applying come I,

Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters;

Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah;

Lithographing Kronos, Zeus his son, and Hercules his grandson;

Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha;

In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix engraved,

With Odin and the hideous Mexitli, and every idol and image;

Taking them all for what they are worth and not a cent more.

With a flourish of his pen, he accounts for and effaces all gods.

What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God,

And that there is no God any more divine than yourself?

It is possible to hold with candid intelligence, and to teach without irreverence, the doctrine of man's divinity. The higher self of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the heroic in man of Carlyle, the rightly and perfectly developed humanity of Goethe, may, without much practical mischief, be an object of admiration to the pitch of worship. But theoretically the insanest, and practically the most pernicious, of all faiths or no-faiths, is the crude self-worship, the deification of the *profanum vulgus*, which, in so far as it admits of definition, is the creed of Whitman. Until I examined his book, I did not know that the most venomously malignant of all political and social fallacies — that "one man is as good as another" — had been deliberately taught in print. "The messages of great poets," says Whitman, in his preface, "to each man and woman are, Come to us on

equal terms — only then can you understand us. We are no better than you; what we enclose you enclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy. Did you suppose there could be only one Supreme? We affirm there can be unnumbered supremes, and that one does not countervail another, any more than one eyesight countervails another; and that men can be good or grand only of the consciousness of their supremacy within them." Neither in Goethe nor Carlyle will Whitman find anything but detestation for the sentiment of these words. Those men might teach hero-worship; he teaches self-worship and fool-worship. Goethe said that poets raised men to the gods, and brought down the gods to men; but that every man was himself as good as either god or poet, Goethe would have denied with keenest brilliancy of scorn. Carlyle bade men reverence the hero, discern the heroic in man as constituting his true majesty, detect and honour it under all disguises, refuse to accept any sham heroism, however dignified, in its place; but so disgusted was he to find that his unmasking of sham kings and nobles was being mistaken for a doctrine of anarchic levelling and the kingship of blockheads and scamps, that, in too violent recoil, he has latterly insisted that the rule of one despot is better than that of multitudinous fools, each fool proclaiming his own "supremacy." It is because of their subtle and pervasive flattery of the mob that Whitman's writings are not harmless as they are worthless, but poisonously immoral and pestilent.

Whitman is an intrepid destroyer of other people's thoughts, but he sometimes speaks a language wholly his own. No other human being would have said this about "touch:" —

Blind, loving, wrestling touch! sheath'd,
hooded, sharp-tooth'd touch!

Did it make you ache so, leaving me?

Parting, track'd by arriving — perpetual payment of perpetual loan;

Rich, showering rain, and recompense richer afterward:

Sprouts take and accumulate — stand by the curb prolific and vital:

Landscapes, projected, masculine, full-sized, and golden.

Thoughts quite his own being rare with him, he hugs them accordingly. No one, I suppose, will dispute his paternity of the thought, or rather the conceit, that grass is "the beautiful uncut hair of graves." In my opinion it is a far-fetched and stupid conceit, but it might have passed

without blame in half a line, if the reader's imagination had been left to make the best of it. Whitman wire-draws it thus:—

Tenderly will I use you, curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of
young men;

It may be if I had known them I would have
loved them;

It may be you are from old people, and from
women, and from offspring taken out of
their mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white
heads of old mothers;

Darker than the colourless beards of old men;
Dark to come from under the faint-red roofs
of mouths.

O, I perceive after all so many uttering
tongues!

And I perceive they do not come from the
roofs of mouths for nothing.

If this is not mawkish there is no passage known to me in literature deserving to be so characterized.

Whitman's "poetry" contains a vast deal about himself. "I celebrate myself," he frankly remarks. He professes to "inaugurate" a religion, of which the one duty, the sole worship, is to be the "dear love of comrades," and he speaks with the authority of a founder of a new church.

No dainty dolce affettuoso I;
Bearded, sunburnt, gray-necked, forbidding, I
have arrived,

To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid
prizes of the universe;

For such I afford whoever can persevere to
win them.

The two last lines either mean nothing at all, or announce that Whitman is a god. Whichever alternative is chosen, the man is a demonstrated quack.

Take another piece of self-portraiture.

Sure as the most certain sure, plumb in the
uprights, well entretied, braced in the
beams,

Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,

I and this mystery, here we stand.

Are these the words of a sane man? Is there common sense in saying that you stand plumb in the uprights, well entretied, strong as a horse, electrical, and side by side with a mystery?

If there is anything in Whitman decidedly better than mere extravagant affectation, anything that may claim the dignity of legitimate mannerism, it is a certain feeling for magnitude, an amplitude of mental vision and descriptive grasp. America he discerns to be a very large place, the United States a republic of

federated nations, the Mississippi an immense river; and he is impressed with the idea that a specially redundant and sonorous style is appropriate to these conditions. This feeling for magnitude might be of value if associated with consummate power, if dominated by a fine sense of proportion, grace, and order. But an itch of hugeness has much more frequently aped than evidenced the strength of genius. Every one familiar with the history of art is aware that a multitude of bad painters have betrayed their badness by spasmodic aspiration after bigness, vapouring about their capacity to rival Angelo and Tintoret, if they had only walls large enough to display their conceptions. When they were permitted to work on their chosen scale, they did nothing but smear acres of canvas. It would be an insult to the memory of Barry or Haydon to compare them with Walt Whitman; but the long lists of names, the auctioneer catalogues, the accumulation of words out of all proportion to ideas, which make up the body of Whitman's poems, recall their vain attempt to prove themselves great painters by using very large brushes and filling very large frames. Whitman, however, must speak for himself. Here is part of a bird's-eye view with which he favours us of sailors and their doings throughout the world:—

I behold the mariners of the world;
Some are in storms—some in the night, with
the watch on the look-out;

Some drifting helplessly—some with contagious diseases.

I behold the sail and steamships of the world,
some in clusters in port, some on their
voyages;

Some double the Cape of Storms—some
Cape Verde, others Cape Guardafui,
Bon, or Bajadore;

Others Dondra Head—others pass the Straits
of Sunda—others Cape Lopatka—
others Behring's Straits;

Others Cape Horn—others sail the Gulf of
Mexico, or along Cuba, or Hayti—
others Hudson's Bay, or Baffin's Bay;

Others pass the Straits of Dover—others enter
the Wash—others the Frith of
Solway—others round Cape Clear—
others the Land's End;

Others traverse the Zuyder Zee, or the Scheldt;
Others add to the exits and entrances at Sandy
Hook;

Others to the comers and goers at Gibraltar,
or the Dardanelles;

Others sternly push their way through the
northern winter-packs;

Others descend or ascend the Obi or the Lena;
Others the Niger, or the Congo—others the
Indus, the Burampooter, and Cambodia;

Others wait at the wharves of Manhattan,
 steam'd up, ready to start;
 Wait, swift and swarthy, in the ports of Australia;
 Wait at Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Marseilles, Lisbon, Naples,
 Hamburg, Bremen, Bordeaux, the Hague, Copenhagen;
 Wait at Valparaiso, Rio Janeiro, Panama;
 Wait at their moorings at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore,
 Charleston, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco.

In ages when the science of geography was in its earliest dawn — when not one man in ten thousand had heard of towns or rivers beyond the frontiers of his own province — a catalogue of names and countries might be what only a pre-eminently well-informed poet could give, and what every intelligent listener would appreciate and admire. Many interests, besides those of geographical curiosity, interests of a patriotic and clannish nature, enhanced the eager fascination with which the old Greeks heard the names of the nations that sent ships to Troy, or of the ports at which Jason or Ulysses touched. But any boy or girl of twelve, who can spell names of places on a map and write them down on a page, could fill a volume with such descriptive lines as these of Whitman's. Observe, there is no concatenation, no ordered sequence, no quickening or illuminating thought, in the list. The conception of a coherent and reasoned account of the water-ways of the world, on the principle either of their historical development or their commercial or political importance, is beyond him. Nothing could be more void of significance than his throwing together the Wash and Frith of Solway instead of the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, or the Clyde, by way of indicating the marine activity of Britain. There is no cause why Bristol and London should not be named as well as Glasgow and Liverpool. The thing, in fact, could not be done more brainlessly. A poor piece of mannerism at best, it is here wretchedly worked, and though Whitman sometimes executes it with less dullness, this is a fair average sample of his success. When we consider that nine-tenths of Whitman's poetry consists of these catalogues — that they, in fact, constitute, in respect both of manner and of matter, one of the differentiating elements in his work — it will be seen that no small importance attaches to the facility of the artifice. It is, in fact, the most childishly easy of all artifices. Think

of the materials afforded for such compilation in these days. Every town contains a library in which there are dictionaries of classical antiquity, translations from foreign languages, travellers' volumes on every country under the sun. Every daily newspaper contains correspondence filled with the most picturesque and exciting details the correspondent can rake together. There is absolutely nothing in Whitman's lists that you could not match after a few hours' turning over of the leaves of Lempriere, Livingstone, Du Chaillu, Figuier, or a few volumes of any one of fifty encyclopædias. The world could, on these terms, be filled with poetry, if it were not an absurdity to apply the name to rant and rubbish. Having got at his secret, you soon learn to take stock of the American bard. Almost anything will do to start him off in his jingle, as all roads will suit if you don't want to go anywhere in particular, but merely to raise a dust. Take, for example, the glorious burst of noise which breaks from the minstrel when he mentions the broad-axe.

The axe leaps!
 The solid forest gives fluid utterances;
 They tumble forth, they rise and form,
 Hut, tent, landing, survey,
 Flail, plough, pick, crowbar, spade,
 Shingle, rail, prop, wainscot, jamb, lath, panel,
 gable,
 Citadel, ceiling, saloon, academy, organ, exhibition, house, library,
 Cornice, trellis, pilaster, balcony, window, shutter, turret, porch,
 Hoe, rake, pitch-fork, pencil, wagon, staff, saw, jack-plane, mallet, wedge, rounce,
 Chair, tub, hoop, table, wicket, vane, sash, floor,
 Work-box, chest, string'd instrument, boat, frame, and what not.

What not, indeed? There is no assignable reason why everything else that ever was made of wood might not be added. But why, it is relevant to ask, give these? Ought expression to have no relation to sense? Ought words to have no proportion to ideas? Is there any definition of linguistic silliness, of verbiage, of hopelessly bad writing, more just than that which turns upon extension of sound without corresponding extension of meaning? And this is what Mr. W. Rossetti publishes in England with eulogistic preface! This is the kind of thing which we are commanded to receive as the rhythmic utterance of Western democracy, the voice of America! It is pleasing to reflect that, if people like such poetry, they may have plenty of it. Every auctioneer's clerk will

be a poet of the new era. Suppose the subject to be "Occupations"—a poetical subject enough. Who does not see how the bard of democracy would begin setting it to music? Here goes:—

Oil-works, silk-works, white-lead works, the
sugar-house, steam-saws, the grist-mills,
and factories;
Stone-cutting, shapely trimmings for façades
or window or door-lintels, the mallet,
the tooth-chisel, the jib to protect the
thumb.

Is this not up to Whitman's mark? Is it not the genuine gurgle of the democratic Castalia? Listen:—

Leather-dressing, coach-making, boiler-mak-
ing, rope-twisting,
Distilling, sign-painting, lime-burning, cotton-
picking,
Electro-plating, electrotyping, stereotyping.

The enlightened reader doubtless asks for more; and it is easy to oblige him:—

The pens of live pork, the killing-hammer, the
hog-hook,
The scalders' tub, gutting, the cutter's cleaver,
the packer's maul,
And the plenteous winter-work of pork-pack-
ing.

Am I outrageously caricaturing the favourite of Dr. Dowden, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Buchanan? Every line, or rather every amorphous agglomeration of broken clauses, is Whitman's own. Page after page of the like will be found flung together in what he calls a "Carol of Occupations." Mr. Rossetti expresses majestic pity for us if we have no ear for such music. Time was when Englishmen knew quackery when they saw it.

It must be evident that, on the terms and by the methods of which we are now able to form some idea, there would be no difficulty in multiplying the number, or expanding the dimensions, of Whitman's works. They are the most flagrant and offensive example ever met with by me of big badness trying to palm itself off as great excellence. Quantity of production is without question one index of power; and it is true not only that the poet who produces a hundred immortal poems is greater than the poet who produces one, but that the hand of the great artist has a sweep and freedom, corresponding to the largeness of scale on which he likes to work. No artist whose characteristic pictures cannot be appreciated without a lens—though he paint, fold for fold, on the limbs of Titania, the woven air of Cashmere—is a great artist. But it is equally true, and it is much more apt to be for-

gotten, that, throughout nature as known to man, the transition from inorganic to organic, and from ruder forms to finer forms, is from largeness to smallness. A bird is a more exquisite piece of nature's workmanship than a megalosaurus. And if amount of work is one measure of greatness, there is perhaps no test of the quality of genius so sure as capacity to excel within narrow limits. A weak artist may mask his weakness by showing us enormous limbs a-sprawl on ceilings, but only a consummate artist will conceive and execute a faultless vignette. You might suspect sham work, random smudging and brush-flinging, in Turner's great storms, or billowy plains, or crowding hills, or scarlet and golden sunsets; but you learn to trust them when the same hand traces for you the shadows, and touches for you the rosebuds, in that garden arbour which forms one of the minor illustrations to Rogers's poems, or when it works into a few square inches, with tiny flower-pots in fairy-like rows, and gem-like burnishing of flower-petals, a perfect picture of the conservatory at Farnley. All art which is great in quality as well as in quantity presupposes such work as we have in Turner's drawing of Farnley conservatory. Turner could not have given the misty curve of his horizons, the perspective of his rivers winding in the distance, unless he had gone through such work as is attested in the minute drawing; and if you take any ten pages in Carlyle's greatest books, in his "French Revolution," or his "Cromwell," and examine them by reference to the sources, you will find that, broad and bold as is his touch, magnificently free as is his sweep of hand, he has been as strenuously careful in the preliminary mastery of details as was Turner in conning the grammar of his art. Magnitude without worth, breadth of scale without fineness of execution, is the refuge of aspiring and immodest incompetence both in painting and in literature.

But we must devote more particular attention to what Whitman's admirers have to say in his favour. We are met at the outset by the circumstance that they make admissions of a disparaging nature, such as no critical advocates ever made on behalf of their client. They enable me, to my extreme satisfaction, to refer judge and jury to them on certain points which it would otherwise have been impossible for me to make an English audience understand. Quotation of much that is most characteristic in Whitman's writings is out

of the question, and I am not equal to the task of making description do the work of sample. "If there be any class of subjects," says Professor Dowden, "which it is more truly natural, more truly human *not* to speak of, than to speak of (such speech producing self-consciousness, whereas part of our nature, it may be maintained, is healthy only while it lives and moves in holy blindness and unconsciousness of self), if there be any sphere of silence, then Whitman has been guilty of invading that sphere of silence." This is a felicitiously correct account of what Whitman has done; and most readers will, I think, agree with me that it is a grave offence, an abominable blunder. The man who does not know what to speak of, and what not to speak of, is unfit for society; and if he puts into his books what even he would not dare to say in society, his books cannot be fit for circulation. As Dr. Dowden has defined for us the nature, he will also kindly tell us the extent, of Whitman's offence against civilized manners. "Whitman," says Dr. Dowden, "in a few passages falls below humanity — falls even below the modesty of brutes." This is strictly true; and would, I submit, be enough to sink a ship-load of poems with ten times the merits of Whitman's; and although I shall not say that he often falls below the modesty of brutes, I do say that, not in a few but in many passages, he is senselessly foul. But "it ought not," pleads Professor Dowden, "to be forgotten that no one asserts more strenuously than does Whitman the beauty, not indeed of asceticism, but of holiness and healthiness, and the shameful ugliness of unclean thought, desire, and deed." If such were his theory, the less pardonable would be his practice; but the truth — to which the critic's generosity seems to blind him — is that Whitman has no fixed theory or settled practice in this or in any other case, but confounds good and bad, delightful and disgusting, decent and indecent, in his chaotic extravaganza. He may be foul on one page and condemn himself for being so on another, just as he may say on one page that there can be no man or woman without religion, and on another that it makes him sick to hear people discussing their duty to God. Mr. Rossetti puts in the plea that eminent writers of all ages have sinned in this matter as well as Whitman. He cites no passages, names no authors, and I content myself with affirming generally that his plea cannot be sustained. There is no author of reputation of whom Dr. Dow-

den could say that he sinks in immodesty below the brutes. And there is no author whatever who, like Whitman, is indecent from mere extravagance and affectation. They all give us something to redeem what, nevertheless, are blots on their work. Chaucer is gross, but he has humour; Fielding, but he has wit; Whitman has no fun in him. Homer is never gross: he has a vehement sympathy with all natural joys, and there is no monastic coldness in his description of the embraces of Jupiter and Juno, or of the ivory bed of Ulysses; but he is the gentleman always, less than the gentleman never; and his heroes, though they may kill mutton, never infringe that first law of good manners which we have heard Dr. Dowden define. Had Whitman ventured upon the hundredth part of his grossness in the camp of the Greeks, he would have been cudgelled more cordially than Thersites.

On the intellectual side, Whitman's critics make admissions which are almost as strange as that which certifies his occasional descent, in moral respects, below the level of the brutes. Dr. Dowden speaks of "the recurring tendency of his poems to become catalogues of persons and things." It is curious, by the way, that our bard's panegyrists cannot speak of him without using language that sounds like irony. "Selection," says Professor Dowden, "seems forbidden to him; if he names one race of mankind, the names of all the other races press into his page; if he mentions one trade or occupation, all other trades or occupations follow." Exactly; but it used to be understood that the poet was bound not only to apply the process of selection, but of selection so searching and so keen that, like dross and slag from metal placed in a furnace heated sevenfold, every imperfection was purged away by it, and only the fine stream of liquid gold flowed out. "Writing down the headings of a trades-directory," says Dr. Dowden again, "is not poetry." No. "But this," he adds, "is what Whitman never does." I respectfully insist that it is a literal description of what Whitman, on Dr. Dowden's own showing, frequently does; but Professor Dowden must admit, at least, that there are no other compositions passing current as poetry of which he would have thought it necessary to make the remark. He states that "the logical faculty is almost an offence to Whitman," and owns to suspecting that his matter belongs at times rather to chaos than to cosmos, and that his form corresponds to his matter. But of all the con-

cessions made by Whitman's eulogists, one tendered by Mr. Rossetti pleases me most. "Each of Whitman's poems is," he says, "a menstruum saturated with form in solution." To this I explicitly subscribe; when the solution crystallizes, it will be time to inquire whether the crystals are poetry. A marble statue in a state of solution is mud.

We find, then, that the gentlemen who propose to assign Whitman's writings a place of honour in the literature of the world admit that logic is an offence to him, that his matter is occasionally chaotic, that the form of his poems is "form in solution," and that his immodesty passes the immodesty of brutes. Having reached this point, might we not expect to be told that the right thing to do with his productions is to cast them away, accepting, with philosophical resignation, the implied suggestion as to their treatment made by the poet himself, in the most reasonable of all his prophecies?—

I bequeath myself to the dirt. . . .
If you want me again, look for me under your
boot-soles.

But Whitman's admirers, of course, refuse to take the hint, and we are bound to give them audience when they attempt to prove that the unparalleled concessions they have made as to his defects are more than balanced by his merits. The main ground on which they commend Whitman is, that he has at last founded a distinctively American school of poetry. The new world, argues Dr. Dowden, may be expected to give birth to "literary and artistic forms corresponding to itself in strange novelty," to "a fauna and flora other than the European," requiring a new nomenclature, like other American things — "hickory," for example, and "mocking-bird." American democracy being a great, new, unexampled thing, with faults enough, but yet deserving recognition and respect, the poet of American democracy may, in like manner, though his works are surprising and questionable, deserve applause. Whitman himself set out, as was mentioned, with a determination to write differently from his contemporaries and predecessors. The American poetry which he found existing was, he intimated, "either the poetry of an elegantly weak sentimentalism—at bottom nothing but maudlin puerilities, or more or less musical verbiage, arising out of a life of depression and enervation as their result—or else that class of poetry, plays,

etc., of which the foundation is feudalism, with its ideas of lords and ladies, its imported standard of gentility, and the manners of European high-life-below-stairs in every line and verse." "I am the poet of America," virtually says the modest Whitman; and our English critics bow assent.

When we reflect that, among the American poets thus slightly waived aside, were, to mention no others, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, and Edgar Poe, the justice of the remark that Whitman shows effrontery will be apparent. But his feeling as affected by the abundance, apart from all question as to the excellence, of existing poetry, when he first thought of becoming himself a poet, was not unreasonable. It arose from a more or less vague but substantially just perception of the fact that literature is old, that the libraries of the world are well stocked, that subjects, motives, images, incidents, plots, which were novel some thousands of years ago, have become stale. The first broad aspects, the salient facts and features, of that nature which man seeks to present again—represent—in his art, have long since been seized. The interest of dart-throwing and of heroic skull-cleaving was pretty well exhausted by Homer. Goethe says that if Shakespeare had written in German, he (Goethe) would, at the outset of his literary career, have been oppressed with something like despair; and the years which have passed since Goethe experienced this feeling, with their Scott poetry, their Byron poetry, their Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Campbell, Tennyson poetry, not to mention half a dozen American poets whose names are known throughout Europe, have incalculably enhanced the difficulty and hazard that face one who, using the English language, aspires to the fame of a poet. Under such circumstances, the temptation to false originality, to one or other form of affectation, is almost irresistible. I am deliberately of opinion that no young poet or painter, — for what has been said applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to pictorial as well as to literary art, — be his powers what they may, wholly escapes its influence. It causes men of undoubted genius to say things with a queerness, a quaintness, which I, at least, cannot conceive to be natural to them. Mr. Morris, for example, thus describes an occurrence which, though interesting and delightful, has for many ages been a poetical commonplace:—

In that garden fair
 Came Lancelot walking ; this is true, the kiss
 Wherewith we kissed in meeting that spring
 day,
 I scarce dare talk of the remembered bliss,
 When both our mouths went wandering in
 one way ;
 And, aching sorely, met among the leaves,
 Our hands being left behind strained far
 away.

To say that Lancelot and Guinevere
 kissed each other would certainly have
 been ordinary, and Mr. Morris's way of
 stating the fact is original ; but since it is
 not possible that the kiss could have been
 performed as he describes it—for al-
 though the lovers might have restrained
 their natural impulse to embrace as well
 as kiss, and might have kept their hands
 before them or at their sides, it is incon-
 ceivable that they should have poked their
 hands out behind them while craning their
 necks forward to bring their lips together
 — we must conclude that Mr. Morris con-
 sidered it a less evil to be fantastic than
 to be commonplace. Mr. D. G. Rossetti
 has written several poems which seem to
 me imperishably great ; but he also has
 suffered from the tyrannical necessity of
 being original, after nature has been laid
 under contribution by poets for thousands
 of years. It would have been as common-
 place for Mr. Rossetti to say that he sat
 musing on the grass, as for Mr. Morris to
 say that Lancelot took Guinevere into his
 arms and kissed her. Accordingly Mr.
 Rossetti writes thus :—

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
 Shaken out dead from tree and hill :
 I had walked on at the wind's will, —
 I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, —
 My lips, drawn in, said not, Alas !
 My hair was over in the grass,
 My naked ears heard the day pass.

Original, no doubt, but is it not some-
 what odd ? The posture described is gro-
 tesque, and in a room, when attempted by
 persons making no claim to the character
 of poet, cannot be achieved ; but even on
 a peculiarly formed bank in the country,
 it would be uncomfortable. The feat per-
 formed by Mr. Rossetti might be recom-
 mended to professors of gymnastics, and,
 perhaps, if one sat with his head between
 his knees and his hair in the grass for an
 hour, the acoustic nerve would become so
 sensitive through torture that he could
 "hear the day pass ;" but it is not easy
 to believe that the lines would have been
 as they are, if Mr. Rossetti had felt it ad-

missible to say so commonplace a thing as
 that he sat on a green bank and meditated.
 From the works of Mr. Browning, and
 even from those of Mr. Tennyson, illus-
 tration might be derived of the shuddering
 horror with which modern poets avoid
 commonplace ; and the oddities and eccen-
 tricities of painters during the present cen-
 tury have been equally conspicuous. I
 recollect seeing a picture of St. George
 and the dragon, by an artist admired by
 many eloquent young ladies, in which the
 dragon looked like a large green lizard,
 and St. George like a medical gentleman
 administering to it, by means of a long
 glass bottle which he poked into its mouth,
 a dose of castor-oil. I was given to un-
 derstand that the piece had a profound
 spiritual significance, but I had not soul
 enough to comprehend it.

If the necessity of being original lies
 hard upon poets in these days, is it not all
 the more, on that account, the duty of
 critics to press upon them the equally
 inexorable necessity of resisting the fasci-
 nations of false and affected originality ?
 Novelty is essential to art ; every gen-
 uine art-product, in sculpture, in painting,
 in poetry, is unique : but it is intensely
 untrue that everything that is novel and
 unparalleled is art ; and so easy is it to
 ape or to travesty right newness, that
 Whitman's conscious and trumpeted pur-
 pose to produce something original ought
 to have been, in the eyes of critics so
 acute as Dr. Dowden and so accomplished
 as Mr. W. Rossetti, a presumption that
 the originality forthcoming would be spu-
 rious. Every art-product is new, but
 every art-product is also old ; and the
 operation of producing a true poem or
 picture—an operation too subtle to be
 described in words or executed by rule—
 consists essentially in combining newness
 of form and colour and musical harmony
 with oldness of principle and law. An
 illustration of this union, applicable, to my
 thinking, with scientific accuracy to the
 case in hand, is afforded by nature every
 spring. When the brown hillside breaks,
 as Goethe finely says, into a wave of
 green, every hollow of blue shade, every
 curve of tuft, and plume, and tendril, every
 broken sun-gleam on spray of young
 leaves, is new. No spring is a represen-
 tation of any former spring. And yet the
 laws of chemistry and of vegetable life are
 unchanging. The novelty that the poet
 must give us is the novelty of spring ;
 and the transcendent but inevitable diffi-
 culty of poetical originality lies in this,
 that the limits of variation within which

he is permitted to work are narrow. His poetry must be as different from that of any other poet as one spring is different from another; *but it must not be more so*. It is a fundamental principle, laid down by that ancient nation which was inspired to write the bible of art, that all gigantesque, eccentric, distorted, extravagant art is barbarous. By working in the spirit of the lesson taught it once and forever by Greece, Europe has gone beyond Greece; but as far as Europe, in Shakespeare, has transcended Greece, so far will America fall behind and below not Europe only, but Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, if she cast the lesson of Greece to the winds and consent to the identification of democracy with lawless extravagance. It would, I believe, be unfair to the Americans to speak of them as pledged to admiration of Whitman. They are not afraid to give every one a hearing, and in this they are bravely right; but they have a way, also, of getting, sooner or later, at the true value of a man, and I rather think they have found Whitman out. I have produced abundant evidence to prove that he exceeds all the bounds fixed to sound poetical originality, and is merely grotesque, and surprising.

It is instructive to note that, whenever Whitman is, comparatively speaking, rational and felicitous, his writing becomes proportionally like that of other people. Of really good poetical work there is, indeed, in those of his poems known to me — and I have read, with desperate resolution, a great deal both of his prose and his verse, including productions which his eulogists specifically extol — very little. Even his best passages have this characteristic of inferior writing, that they deal with sensational subjects and fierce excitements. His lack of delicate and deep sensibility is proved by his producing horror when he aims at pathos. The true masters of pathos obtain their greatest effects by means that seem slight. A Shakespeare, a Goethe, will make all generations mourn over the sorrows of an Italian girl, of a German grisette; a daisy, a mouse, a wounded hare, evoke touches of immortal pathos from Burns. Whitman must have his scores massacred, his butcherly apparatus of blood and mangled flesh, his extremity of peril in storm, his melodramatic exaggeration of courage in battle. But it is in the few sketches of such scenes, occurring in the poem called "Walt Whitman," that he is most successful; and then his affectations fall, to a refreshing extent, from his loins, and he

makes some approach to the perspicuity, compression, vividness, and force of good writing in general. If his English critics had contented themselves with discriminating between what is passably good and what is insufferably bad in his work, commending the former and condemning the latter, not a word would have been written by me upon the subject. Dr. Dowden, Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Buchanan, and, most vociferously of all, Mr. Swinburne, accept him at his own valuation as "the greatest of American voices,"* and the poet of democracy. To do so is to wrong the true poets whom America has produced, and to strike a pang as of despair into the hearts of those who, amid all shortcomings and delinquencies, amid Fiske tragedies and Tammany Rings, refuse to believe that democracy means dissolution, and that the consummation of freedom must be an exchange of the genial bonds and decent amenities of civilization for infra-bestial license. Originality, true and clear, characterizes the real poets of America. There is in them a fragrance and flavour native to the American soil, a something that gives them a character as distinctive as marks off the Elizabethans from Milton, or distinguishes Pope and his school from recent English poets. More than this was not to be looked for or desired; the strong presumption was that more than this would indicate monstrosity, debility, or affectation; and this presumption has been verified by Whitman. Nature in America is different from nature in Europe, but we do not, in crossing the Atlantic, pass from cosmos into chaos; and Mr. Carlyle's expression, "winnowings of chaos," would be a candidly scientific description of Whitman's poetry if only it were possible to associate with it the idea of any winnowing process whatever. Street-sweepings of lumber-land — disjointed fragments of truth, tossed in wild whirl with disjointed fragments of falsehood — gleams of beauty that have lost their way in a waste of ugliness — such are the contents of what he calls his poems. If here and there we have tints of healthful beauty, and tones of right and manly feeling, they but suffice to prove that he can write sanely and sufferably when he pleases, that his mon-

* These words are Mr. Swinburne's, and perhaps would not be endorsed by the others. I take this opportunity of protesting against certain comments made by Mr. Swinburne (in a republished essay on the text of Shelley) on an article written by me for this review in the year 1867. I do not say what Mr. Swinburne represents me as saying, and what I *did* say can be proved to be grammatically correct.

strosities and solecisms are sheer affectation, that he is not mad, but only counterfeits madness. He is in no sense a superlatively able man, and it was beyond his powers to make for himself a legitimate poetical reputation. No man of high capacity could be so tumid and tautological as he — could talk, for instance, of the "fluid wet" of the sea; or speak of the aroma of his armpits, or make the crass and vile mistake of bringing into light what nature veils, and confounding liberty with dissolute anarchy. The poet of democracy he is not; but his books may serve to buoy, for the democracy of America, those shallows and sunken rocks on which if it is cast, it must inevitably, amid the hootings of mankind, be wrecked. Always, unless he chooses to contradict himself for the sake of paradox, his political doctrine is the consecration of mutinous independence and rabid egotism and impudent conceit. In his ideal city "the men and women think lightly of the laws." His advice is to resist much and to obey little. This is the political philosophy of bedlam, unchained in these ages chiefly through the influence of Rousseau, which has blasted the hopes of freedom wherever it has had the chance, and which must be chained up again with ineffable contempt if the self-government of nations is to mean anything else than the death and putrescence of civilization. Incapable of true poetical originality, Whitman had the cleverness to invent a literary trick, and the shrewdness to stick to it. As a Yankee phenomenon, to be good-humouredly laughed at, and to receive that moderate pecuniary remuneration which nature allows to vivacious quacks, he would have been in his place; but when influential critics introduce him to the English public as a great poet, the thing becomes too serious for a joke. While reading Whitman, in the recollection of what had been said of him by those gentlemen, I realized with bitter painfulness how deadly is the peril that our literature may pass into conditions of horrible disease, the raging flame of fever taking the place of natural heat, the ravings of delirium superseding the enthusiasm of poetical imagination, the distortings of tetanic spasm caricaturing the movements, dance-like and music-measured, of harmonious strength. Therefore I suspended more congenial work to pen this little counterblast to literary extravagance and affectation.

PETER BAYNE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILDMAY made his way back to Oxford without any delay. He knew that the master of the college, who was a man with a family, had not yet set out on the inevitable autumn tour. But I must add that, though no man could have been more anxious to obtain preferment in his own person than he was to transfer his preferment to another, yet various doubts of the practicability of what he was going to attempt interfered, as he got further and further from Brentburn, with the enthusiasm which had sprung up so warmly in Cicely's presence. It would be very difficult, he felt, to convey to the master the same clear perception of the rights of the case as had got into his own head by what he had seen and heard at the rectory; and if all he made by his hesitation was to throw the living into the hands of Ruffhead! For Brentburn was no longer an indifferent place — the same as any other in the estimation of the young don; quite the reverse; it was very interesting to him now. Notwithstanding the bran-new church, he felt that no other parish under the sun was half so attractive. The churchyard, with those two narrow threads of paths; the windows, with the lights in them, which glimmered within sight of the grave; the old-fashioned, sunny garden; the red cottages, with not one wall which was not awry, and projecting at every conceivable angle; the common, with its flush of heather — all these had come out of the unknown, and made themselves plain and apparent to him. He felt Brentburn to be in a manner his own; a thing which he would be willing to give to Mr. St. John, or rather to lend him for his lifetime; but he did not feel the least inclination to let it fall into the hands of any other man. Neither did he feel inclined to do as Mr. Chester, the late rector, had done — to expatriate himself, and leave the work of his parish to the curate in charge. Besides, he could not do this, for he was in perfect health; and he could neither tell the necessary lie himself, nor, he thought, get any doctor to tell it for him. As he got nearer and nearer to the moment which must decide all these uncertainties, he got more and more confused and troubled in his mind. The master was the college, as it happened at that moment; he was by far the most influential and the most powerful person in it; and what he said was the

thing that would be done. Mildmay accordingly took his way with very mingled feelings, across the quadrangle to the beautiful and picturesque old house in which this potentate dwelt. Had he any right to attempt to make such a bargain as was in his mind? It was enough that the living had been offered to him. What had he to say but yes or no?

The master's house was in a state of confusion when Mildmay entered it. The old hall was full of trunks, the oaken staircase encumbered with servants and young people running up and down in all the bustle of a move. Eight children of all ages, and half as many servants, was the master—brave man!—about to carry off to Switzerland. The packing was terrible, and not less terrible the feelings of the heads of the expedition, who were at that moment concluding their last calculation of expenses, and making up little bundles of circular notes. "Here is Mr. Mildmay," said the master's wife, "and, thank heaven! this reckoning up is over;" and she escaped with a relieved countenance, giving the new comer a smile of gratitude. The head of the college was slightly frustrated, if such a vulgar word can be used of such a sublime person. I hope no one will suspect me of Romanizing tendencies, but perhaps a pale ecclesiastic, worn with thought, and untroubled by children, would have been more like the typical head of a college than this comely yet careworn papa. The idea, however, flashed through Mildmay's mind, who had the greatest reverence for the master, that these very cares, this evident partaking of human nature's most ordinary burdens, would make the great don feel for the poor curate. Does not a touch of nature make the whole world kin?

"Well, Mildmay," said the master, "come to say good-bye? You are just in time. We are off to-night by the Antwerp boat, which we have decided is the best way with our enormous party." Here the good man sighed. "Where are you going? You young fellows don't know you're born, as people say—coming and going, whenever the fancy seizes you, as light as a bird. Ah! wait till you have eight children, my dear fellow, to drag about the world."

"That could not be for some time, at least," said Mildmay, with a laugh; "but I am not so disinterested in my visit as to have come merely to say good-bye. I wanted to speak to you about Brentburn."

"Ah—oh," said the master; "to be

sure, your living. You have been to see it? Well! and how do you think it will feel to be an orderly rector, setting a good example, instead of enjoying yourself, and collecting crockery here?"

That was a cruel speech, and Mildmay grew red at the unworthy title crockery; but the master's savage sentiments on this subject were known. What is a man with eight children to be expected to know about rare china?

"I believe there are much better collections than mine in some country rectories," he said; "but never mind; I want to speak to you of something more interesting than crockery. I do not think I can take Brentburn."

The master framed his lips into that shape which in a profane and secular person would have produced a whistle of surprise. "So!" he said, "you don't like it? But I thought you were set upon it. All the better for poor Ruffhead, who will now be able to marry after all."

"That is just what I wanted to speak to you about," said Mildmay, embarrassed. "I don't want it to fall to Ruffhead. Listen, before you say anything! I don't want to play the part of the dog in the manger. Ruffhead is young, and so am I; but, my dear master, listen to me. The curate in charge, Mr. St. John, is not young; he has been twenty years at Brentburn, a laborious excellent clergyman. Think how it would look in any other profession, if either Ruffhead or I should thus step over his head."

"The curate in charge!" said the master, bewildered. "What are you talking about? What has he to do with it? I know nothing about your curate in charge."

"Of course you don't; and therefore there seemed to be some hope in coming to tell you. He is a member of our own college; that of itself is something. He used to know you, he says, long ago, when he was an undergraduate. He has been Chester's curate at Brentburn, occupying the place of the incumbent, and doing everything for twenty years; and now that Chester is dead, there is nothing for him but to be turned out at a moment's notice, and to seek his bread, at over sixty, somewhere else—and he has children too."

This last sentence was added at a venture to touch the master's sympathies; but I don't think that dignitary perceived the application; for what is there in common between the master of a college and a poor curate? He shook his head with, however, that sympathetic gravity and deference towards misfortune which no man

who respects himself ever refuses to show.

"St. John, St. John?" he said. "Yes, I think I recollect the name: very tall — stoops — a peaceable sort of being? Yes. So he's Chester's curate? Who would have thought it? I suppose he started in life as well as Chester did, or any of us. What has possessed him to stay so long there?"

"Well — he is, as you say, a peaceable mild man; not one to push himself —"

"Push himself!" cried the master; "not much of that I should think. But even if you don't push yourself, you needn't stay for twenty years a curate. What does he mean by it? I am afraid there must be something wrong."

"And I am quite sure there is nothing wrong," cried Mildmay, warmly, "unless devotion to thankless work, and forgetfulness of self is wrong; for that is all his worst enemy can lay to his charge."

"You are very warm about it," said the master, with some surprise; "which does you credit, Mildmay. But, my dear fellow, what do you expect me — what do you expect the college to do? We can't provide for our poor members who let themselves drop out of sight and knowledge. Perhaps if you don't take the living, and Ruffhead does, you might speak to him to keep your friend on as curate. But I have nothing to do with that kind of arrangement. And I'm sure you will excuse me when I tell you we start to-night."

"Master," said Mildmay, solemnly, "when you hear of a young colonel of thirty promoted over the head of an old captain of twice his age, what do you say?"

"Say, sir!" cried the master, whose sentiments on this, as on most other subjects, were well known; "say! why I say it's a disgrace to the country. I say it's the abominable system of purchase which keeps our best soldiers languishing. Pray, what do you mean by that smile? You know I have no patience to discuss such a question; and I cannot see what it has to do with what we were talking of," he added, abruptly, breaking off with a look of defiance, for he suddenly saw the mistake he had made in Mildmay's face.

"Hasn't it?" said the other. "If you will think a moment — Ruffhead and I are both as innocent of parochial knowledge as — as little Ned there." (Ned at this moment had come to the window which opened upon the garden, and, knocking with impatient knuckles, had summoned his father out.) "Mr. St. John has some

thirty years' experience, and is thoroughly known and loved by the people. What can anybody think — what can any one say — if one of us miserable subalterns is put over that veteran's head? Where but in the Church could such a thing be done — without at least such a clamour as would set half England by the ears?"

"Softly, softly," cried the master. "(Get away, you little imp. I'll come presently.) You mustn't abuse the Church, Mildmay. Our arrangements may be imperfect, as indeed all arrangements are which are left in human hands. But, depend upon it, the system is the best that could be devised; and there is no real analogy between the two professions. A soldier is helpless who can only buy his promotion, and has no money to buy it with. But a clergyman has a hundred ways of making his qualifications known, and as a matter of fact I think preferment is very justly distributed. I have known dozens of men, with no money and very little influence, whose talents and virtues alone — but you must know that as well as I do. In this case there must be something behind — something wrong — extreme indolence, or incapacity, or something —"

"There is nothing but extreme modesty, and a timid retiring disposition."

"Yes, yes, yes," cried the master; "these are the pretty names for it. Indolence which does nothing for itself, and hangs a dead weight upon friends. Now, tell me seriously and soberly, why do you come to me with this story? What, in such a case, do you suppose I can do?"

"If you were a private patron," said Mildmay, "I should say boldly, I have come to ask you to give this living to the best man — the man who has a right to it; not a new man going to try experiments like myself, but one who knows what he is doing, who has done all that has been done there for twenty years. I would say you were bound to exercise your private judgment on behalf of the parish in preference to all promises or supposed rights; and that you should offer the living of Brentburn to Mr. St. John without an hour's delay."

"That is all very well," said the master, scratching his head, as if he had been a rustic clodhopper, instead of a learned and accomplished scholar, "and very well put, and perhaps true. I say, *perhaps* true, for of course this is only one side of the question. But I am not a private patron. I am only a sort of trustee of the patronage, exercising it in conjunction with various other people. Come, Mildmay, you

know as well as I do, poor old St. John, though his may be a hard case, has no claim whatever upon the college; and if you don't accept it, there's Ruffhead and two or three others who have a right to their chance. You may be sure Ruffhead won't give up his chance of marriage and domestic bliss for any poor curate. Of course the case, as you state it, is hard. What does the parish say?"

"The parish! I was not there long enough to find out the opinion of the parish."

"Ah, you hesitate. Look here, Mildmay; if I were a betting man, I'd give you odds, or whatever you call it, that the parish would prefer you."

"It is impossible; or, if they did, it would only be a double wrong." But Mildmay's voice was not so confident as when he had been pleading Mr. St. John's cause, and his eyes fell before the master's penetrating eyes.

"A wrong if you like, but it's human nature," said the master, with some triumph. "I will speak to the dean about it, if I see him this afternoon, and I'll speak to Singleton. If they think anything of your arguments, I sha'n't oppose. But I warn you I don't think it the least likely. His age, if there were nothing else, is against him, rather than in his favour. We don't want parishes hampered with an old man past work."

"He is just as old being curate as if he were rector."

"Yes, yes. But to give him the living now, at his age, would be to weight the parish with him till he was a hundred, and destroy the chance for young men like yourself. You don't mind, but I can tell you Ruffhead does. No, no. Singleton will never hear of it; and what can I do? I am going away."

"Singleton will do whatever you tell him," said Mildmay; "and you could write even though you are going away."

"Hush, hush," said the master, with a half-laugh, "that is all a popular delusion. Singleton is the most independent-minded man I know—and the others are as obstinate as pigs. Talk of turning them as one likes! Poor old St. John, though! we might hear of another place to suit him, perhaps. He has something of his own, I suppose—some private income? How many children has he? of course, being only a curate, he must have heaps of children. (Coming, you rascal! coming, Ned.)"

"He has two daughters grown up," said Mildmay, "and two small children; and

so far as I can judge is—What is there to laugh at?" he added, with a look of the greatest surprise.

"So, so; he has *daughters*?" said the master, with a burst of genial laughter. "That is it? Don't blush, my dear fellow; as good men as you have been in the same predicament. Go and marry her, which will be much more sensible; and I hope Miss St. John is everything that is pretty and charming for your sake."

Perhaps Mildmay blushed, but he was not aware of it. He felt himself grow pale in a white heat of passion. "This is a very poor joke," he said. "Excuse me, master, if I must say so. I speak to you of an injury to the Church, and a serious wrong to one of her priests, and you answer me with a jest most inappropriate to the occasion. I saw Miss—I mean Mr. St. John and his family for the first time two days ago. Personal feeling of any kind has not been my inducement to make this appeal to your sense of justice. But I have made a mistake, it seems. Good morning; I will not detain you more."

"Why, Mildmay! a man may have his joke. Don't take it in this tragical way. And don't be so withering in your irony about my sense of justice," said the master, with a laugh, half-apologetic, half-angry. But he did not ask the young man to sit down again. "Justice goes both ways," he added; "and I have justice to the college, and justice to its more distinguished members, and even to the parish, for whose good we are called upon to act—to consider; as well as justice to Mr. St. John, which really is not our affair. But, my dear fellow, all this is very admirable in you—and don't think I fail to see that, though you say I made a poor joke. Yes, I am in a hurry, there is no denying it; but I'll see Singleton, and leave the matter in his hands. Meet you in the Oberland, eh? My wife talks of St. Moritz, but we never can drag the children all that way. Good-bye."

Mildmay marched out of the old house with all his pulses tingling. It seemed to him that poor Cicely, in the midst of all the anxieties that lurked in her young eyes, had been insulted. Was it that sort of folly he was thinking of, or she, poor girl, who had said nothing to him but reproaches? But yet, I will allow, that absolutely innocent as he felt of any such levity, the accusation excited him more, perhaps, than was needful. He could not forget or forgive it, as one forgives a sorry jest at one's own expense, the reason being, he said to himself, that it was an

insult to her, and that this insult had come upon a young innocent creature, through him, which was doubly hard. He was still tingling with this blow, when he met his second in succession, so to speak, Mr. Ruffhead, who was serving a curacy near Oxford, and who had a slight unspoken, unacknowledged grudge at his brother fellow who had been preferred before himself. Mildmay, in his excitement, laid hold upon this probable heir of his, in case he should give up Brentburn, and poured the whole story into his ears, asking with some heat and passion for his advice. "I don't see how I can take the living over Mr. St. John's head; it seems to me the most terrible injustice," he cried.

Mr. Ruffhead shook his head.

"You must not ask my advice," said that sensible person. "If you don't take it, and it's offered to me, I shall of course. I don't know Mr. St. John, and if one neglected one's own interests for every hard case one heard of, where would one be? I can't afford to play with my chances. I dare say you think I am very hard-hearted; but that is what I should do."

This plain declaration of sentiment subdued Mildmay, and brought him back to matters of fact. "I suppose you are right; but I have not made up my mind to decline the living," he said coldly, and did not ask Ruffhead to dinner as he had at first intended. No man, they say, likes his heir, and this kind of inheritance was doubly disagreeable to think of. Certainly, if the only alternative was Ruffhead and his honeymooning (which somehow it disgusted Mildmay to think of, as of something almost insulting to himself), it would be better, much better, that he himself should take Brentburn. He would not give it up only to see it passed on to this commonplace fellow, to enable him, forsooth, to marry some still more commonplace woman. Good heavens! was that the way to traffic with a cure of souls? He went back to his beautiful rooms in a most disturbed state of mind, and drew up impatiently the blinds which were not intended to be drawn up. The hot August light came in scorching and broad over all his delights, and made him loathe them; he tripped upon, and kicked away to the end of the room, a rug for which you or I, dear reader, would have given one of our ears; and jerked his Italian tapestry to one side, and I think, if good sense had not restrained him, would have liked to take up his very best bit of china and smash it into a hundred pieces. But after a while he smiled at himself, and reduced

the blaze of daylight to a proper artistic tone, and tried to eat some luncheon. Yesterday at the same hour he had shared the curate's dinner, with Cicely at the head of the table, looking at him with sweet eyes, in which there was still the dewy look of past tears. She had the house and all its cares upon her delicate shoulders, that girl; and her innocent name had been made the subject of a jest — through him!

CHAPTER XV.

I DO not suppose that Cicely St. John had really any hope in her new acquaintance, or believed, when she looked at the matter reasonably, that his self-renunciation, if he had the strength of mind to carry it out, would really secure for her father the living of Brentburn. But yet a certain amount of faith is natural at her years, and she was vaguely strengthened and exhilarated by that suppressed expectation of something pleasant that might possibly happen, which is so great an element in human happiness; and, with this comfort in her soul, went about her work, preparing for the worst, which, to be sure, notwithstanding her hope, was, she felt, inevitable. Mab, when the stranger's enthusiastic adoption of her sister's suggestion was told to her, accepted it for her part with delight, as a thing settled. A true artist has always more or less a practical mind. However strong his imagination may be, he does not confine himself to fancies, or even words, but makes something tangible and visible out of it, and this faculty more or less shapes the fashion of his thinking. Mab, who possessed in addition that delightful mixture of matter-of-factness which is peculiar to womankind, seized upon the hope and made it into reality. She went to her work as gaily as if all the clouds had been in reality dispersed from her path. This time it was little Annie, the nursemaid — Cicely having interfered to protect the babies from perpetual posing — who supplied her with the necessary "life." Annie did not much like it. She would have been satisfied, indeed, and even proud, had "her picture" been taken in her best frock, with all her Sunday ribbons; but to be thrust into a torn old dingy garment, with bare feet, filled the little handmaiden with disgust and rage great enough for a full-grown woman. "Folks will think as I hain't got no decent clothes," she said; and Mab's injudicious consolation, to the effect that "folks would never see the picture," did not at all mend the

matter. Cicely, however, drew up her slight person, and "looked Miss St. John," according to Mab's description; and Annie was cowed. There were at least twenty different representations in Mab's sketch-books of moments in which Cicely had looked Miss St. John; and it was Mab's conviction in life as well as in art that no opponent could stand before such a demonstration. Barefooted, in her ragged frock, Annie did not look an amiable young person, which, I am ashamed to say, delighted the artist. "She will do for the naughty little girl in the fairy-tale, the one with toads and frogs dropping from her lips," cried Mab, in high glee. "And if it comes well I shall send it to Mr. Mildmay, to show we feel how kind he is."

"Wait till he has been kind," said Cicely, shaking her head. "I always liked the naughty little girl best, not that complacent smiling creature who knew she had been good, and whom everybody praised. Oh, what a pity that the world is not like a fairy-tale! where the good are always rewarded, and even the naughty, when they are sorry. If we were to help any number of old women, what would it matter now?"

"But I suppose," said Mab, somewhat wistfully, for she distrusted her sister's words, which she did not understand, and was afraid people might think Cicely Broad-Church, "I suppose whatever may happen in the mean time, it all comes right in the end?"

"Papa is not so very far from the end, and it has not come right for him."

"O Cicely, how can you talk so! Papa is not so old. He will live years and years yet!" cried Mab, her eyes filling.

"I hope so. Oh, I hope so! I did not think of merely living. But he cannot get anything very great now, can he, to make up for so long waiting? So long—longer," said Cicely, with a little awe, thinking of that enormous lapse of time, "than we have been alive!"

"If he gets the living, he will not want anything more," said Mab, blithely working away with her charcoal. "How delightful it will be! More than double what we have now? Fancy! After all, you will be able to furnish as you said."

"But not in amber satin," said Cicely, beguiled into a smile.

"In soft, soft Venetian stuff, half-green, half-blue, half no colour at all. Ah! she has moved! Cicely, Cicely, go and talk to her, for heaven's sake, or my picture will be spoilt!"

"If you please, miss, I can't stop here no longer. It's time as I was looking after the children. How is Betsy to remember in the middle of her cooking the right time to give 'em their cod-liver oil?"

"I'll go and look after the children," said Cicely. "What you have got to do, Annie, is to stop here."

Upon which Annie burst into floods of tears, and fell altogether out of pose. "There ain't no justice in it!" she said. "I'm put up here to look like a gipsy or a beggar; and mother will never get over it, after all her slaving and toiling to get me decent clothes!"

Thus it will be perceived that life-studies in the domestic circle are very difficult to manage. After a little interval of mingled coaxing and scolding, something like the lapsed attitude was recovered, and Annie brought back into obedience. "If you will be good, I'll draw a picture of you in your Sunday frock to give to your mother," said Mab—a promise which had too good an effect upon her model, driving away the clouds from her countenance; and Cicely went away to administer the cod-liver oil. It was not a very delightful office, and I think that now and then, at this crisis, it seemed to Cicely that Mab had the best of it, with her work, which was a delight to her, and which occupied both her mind and her fingers; care seemed to fly the moment she got that charcoal in her hand. There was no grudge in this sense of disadvantage. Nature had done it, against which there was no appeal. I don't think, however, that care would have weighed heavily on Mab, even if she had not been an artist. She would have hung upon Cicely all the same if her occupation had been but needlework, and looked for everything from her hands.

But it was not until Annie was released and could throw off the ragged frock in which she had been made picturesque, and return to her charge, that Cicely could begin the more important business that waited for her. She took this quite quietly, not thinking it necessary to be on the look-out for a grievance, and took her work into the nursery, where the two babies were playing in a solemn sort of way. They had their playthings laid out upon the floor, and had some mild little squabbles over them. "Zat's Harry's!" she heard again and again, mingled with faint sounds of resistance. The children were very mysterious to Cicely. She was half afraid of them as mystic incomprehensible creatures, to whom everybody in heaven and

earth did injustice. After a while she put down her work and watched them play. They had a large box of bricks before them, playthings which Cicely herself well remembered, and the play seemed to consist in one little brother diving into the long box in search of one individual brick, which, when he produced it, the other snatched at, saying, "Zat's Harry's." Charley, who wanted both his hands to swim with on the edge of the box, did not have his thumb in his mouth this time; but he was silenced by the unvarying claim. They did not laugh, nor did they cry, as other children do; but sat over the bricks, in a dumb conflict, of which it was impossible to tell whether it was strife or play.

"Are they all Harry's?" asked Cicely, suddenly moved to interfere. The sound of the voice startled the little creatures on the floor. They turned right round, and contemplated her from the carpet with round and wondering eyes.

"Zat's Harry's," said the small boy over again with the iteration common to children. Charley was not prepared with any reply. He put his thumb into his mouth in default of any more extended explanation. Cicely repeated her question — I fear raising her voice, for patience was not Cicely's forte; whereupon Harry's eyes, who was the boldest, got bigger and bigger, and redder and redder, with fright, and Charley began to whimper. This irritated the sister much. "You little silly things!" she said. "I am not scolding you. What are you crying for? Come here, Harry, and tell me why you take all the bricks? They are Charley's too."

Children are the angels of life; but they are sometimes little demons for all that. To see these two pale little creatures sitting half dead with fright, gazing at her sunny young countenance as if she were an ogre, exasperated Cicely. She jumped up, half-laughing, half-furious, and at that moment the babies set up a unanimous howl of terror. This fairly daunted her, courageous as she was. She went back to her seat again, having half a mind to cry too. "I am not going to touch you," said Cicely, piteously. "Why are you frightened at me? If you will come here I will tell you a story." She was too young to have the maternal instinct so warmly developed as to make her all at once, without rhyme or reason, "fond of" her little half-brothers; but she was anxious to do her duty, and deeply wounded that they did not "take to her." Children, she said to herself with an internal

whisper of self-pity, had always taken to her before; and she was not aware of that instinctive resistance, half defiance, half fright, which seems to repel the child-dependant from those whose duty it is to take care of it — most unreasonable, often most cruel, but yet apparently most universal of sentiments. Is it that the very idea of a benefactor, even before the mind is capable of comprehending what it is, sets nature on edge? This was rather a hard lesson for the girl, especially as, while they were still howling, little Annie burst in indignant, and threw herself down beside the children, who clung to her, sobbing, one on each side. "You have made 'em cry, miss," cried Annie, "and missus's orders was as they was never to be allowed to cry. It is very dangerous for boys; it busts their little insides. Did she frighten 'em, then? the naughty lady. Never mind, never mind, my precious! Annie's here."

To see this child spread out upon the floor with these chicks under her wings would have been amusing to a cool spectator. But Cicely did not take it in that light. She waited till the children were pacified, and had returned to their play, and then she took the little nurse-maid by the arm, and led her to the door. "You are not to enter this room again or come near the children," she said, in a still voice which made Annie tremble. "If you make a noise I will beat you. Go down-stairs to your sister, and I will see you afterwards. Not a word! I have nothing more to say to you here."

Cicely went back again to her seat trembling with the excitement of the moment, and then said to herself, what a fool she was! but, oh! what a much greater fool Miss Brown had been to leave this legacy of trouble to two girls who had never done any harm to her. "Though, I suppose," Cicely added to herself with a sense of justice, "she was not thinking about us." And indeed it was not likely that poor Mrs. St. John had brought these babies into the world solely to bother her husband's daughters. Poor Cicely, who had a thousand other things to do, and who already felt that it was impolitic, though necessary, to dismiss Annie, pondered long, gazing at those pale-faced and terrible infants, how she was to win them over, which looked as hard as any of her other painful pieces of business. At last some kind fairy put it into her head to sing: at which the two turned round once more upon their bases solemnly, and stared at her, intermitting their play till

the song was finished. Then an incident occurred almost unparalleled in the nursery chronicles of Brentburn. Charley took his thumb out of his mouth, and looking up at her with his pale eyes, said of his own accord, "Adain."

"Come here then, and sit on my lap," said Cicely, holding out her hand. There was a momentary struggle between terror and gathering confidence, and then, pushing himself up by the big box of bricks Charley approached gradually, keeping a wary eye upon her movements. Once on her lap, however, the little adventurer felt himself comfortable. She was soft and pleasant, and had a bigger shoulder to support him and a longer arm to enfold him than Annie. He leant back against her, feeling the charm of that softness and sweetness, though he did not know how. "Adain," said Charley; and put his thumb in his mouth with all the feelings of a connoisseur in a state of perfect bodily ease prepared to enjoy the *morceau* specially given at his desire.

Thus Cicely conquered the babies once for all. Harry, too much astounded by thus seeing his lead taken from him to make any remonstrance, followed his brother in dumb surprise, and stood against her, leaning on her knee. They made the prettiest group; for, as Mab said, even when they are ugly, how pretty children are! and they "compose" so beautifully with a pretty young woman, making even a commonplace mother into a Madonna and Lady of Blessing. Cicely sang them a song, so very low down in the scale at once both of music and of poetry that I dare not shock the refined reader by naming it, especially after that well-worn comparison; and this time both Harry and Charley joined in the encore, the latter, too happy to think of withdrawing that cherished thumb from his mouth, murmuring thickly, "Adain."

"But, oh, what a waste of time — what a waste of time it will be!" cried poor Cicely, when she took refuge in the garden, putting the delicate children to play upon a great rug, stretched on the grass. "To be sure there will be one mouth less to feed, which is always something. You must help me a little while I write my letters, Mab."

"Who are you going to write to?" said Mab, with colloquial incorrectness which would have shocked out of their senses the Miss Blandys, and all the excellent persons concerned in bringing her up. "Oh yes, I will try to help; but won't

you forgive Annie, just for this little time, and let her stay?"

"I can't be defied in my own house," said Cicely, erecting her head with an air which frightened Mab herself; "and I must take to it sooner or later. Wherever we go, it is I that must look after them. Well! it will be a trouble at first; but I shall like it when I get fond of them. Mab, we ought to be fond of them now."

Mab looked at the children, and then laughed. "I don't hate them," she said; "they are such funny little things, as if they had been born about a hundred years before their time. I believe, really, they are not children at all, but old, old men, that know a great deal more than we do. I am sure that Charley could say something very wonderful if he liked. He has a great deal in him, if he would but take his thumb out of his mouth."

"Charley is my boy," said Cicely, brightening up; "he is the one I like best."

"I like him best, too. He is the funniest. Are you going to write there?"

"I must keep my eye upon them," said Cicely, with great solemnity. She was pleased with her victory, and felt it to be of the most prodigious importance that she should not lose the "influence" she had gained; for she was silly, as became her age, as well as wise. She had brought out her little desk — a very commonplace little article, indeed, of rosewood, with brass bindings — and seated herself under the old mulberry-tree, with the wind ruffling her papers, and catching in the short curling locks about her forehead. (N.B. — Don't suppose, dear reader, that she had cut them short; those stray curls were carefully smoothed away under the longer braids when she brushed her hair; but the breeze caught them in a way which vexed Cicely as being untidy.) It was as pretty a garden scene as you could see; the old mulberry bending down its heavy branches, the babies on the rug at the girl's feet; but yet, when you look over Cicely's shoulder, a shadow falls upon the pretty scene. She had two letters to write, and something still less agreeable than her letters — an advertisement for the *Guardian*. This was very difficult; and brought many a sigh from her young breast.

"An elderly clergyman, who has filled the office of curate for a very long time in one parish, finding it now necessary to make a change, desires to find a similar —"

"Do you think that will do?" said Mab. "It is as if poor papa were a butler, or something—'filled the office of curate for a long time in one parish'—it does not sound nice."

"We must not be bound by what sounds nice," said Cicely. "It is not nice, in fact—is it? How hard it is to put even such a little thing as this as one ought! Will this do better?—'A clergyman, who has long occupied the position of curate in charge, in a small parish, wishes to hear of a similar——' What, Mab? I cannot say situation, can I? that is like a butler again. Oh, dear, dear; it is so very much like a butler altogether. Tell me a word."

"Position," said Mab.

"But I have just said position. 'A clergyman who has long held the—an *appointment* as curate in charge'—there, that is better—'wishes to hear of a similar position in a small parish.' I think that will do."

"Isn't there a Latin word? *Locum* something or other; would not that be more dignified?" said Mab.

"*Locum tenens*. I prefer English," said Cicely; "and now I suppose we must say something about his opinions. Poor dear papa! I am sure I do not know whether he is High, or Low, or Broad."

"Not Broad," said Mab, pointedly; for she was very orthodox. "Say sound; I have often seen that, and it does not commit you to anything,—sound, but not extreme, like Miss Blandy's clergyman."

"Of sound, but not extreme principles," wrote Cicely. "That sounds a little strange, for you might say that a man who could not tell a lie, but yet did not mind a fib, was sound, but not extreme. 'Church principles'—is that better? But I don't like that either. Stop, I have it—'He is a sound, but not extreme Churchman'—that is the very thing—'and has much experience' (Ah, poor papa!) 'in managing a parish. Apply'—but that is another question. Where ought they to apply? We cannot give, I suppose, the full name and address here?"

"I wonder if any one will apply? But, Cicely, suppose all comes right, as I am sure it will, you may be deceiving some one, making them think, 'Here is the very person I want;' and then how disappointed they will be!"

"Oh, if there is only *their* disappointment to think of! Mab, you must not think there is any reliance to be put on

Mr. Mildmay. He meant it; yes, tears came into his eyes," cried Cicely, with a look of gratitude and pleasure in her own. "But when he goes back among those Oxford men, those dons, do you think they will pay any attention to him? They will laugh at him; they will say he is a Quixote; they will turn it all into fun, or think it his folly."

"Why should Oxford dons be so much worse than other men?" said Mab, surprised. "Papa is an Oxford man—he is not hard-hearted. Dons, I suppose, are just like other people?"

"No," said Cicely, who was arguing against herself, struggling against the tide of fictitious hope, which sometimes threatened to carry her away. "They live by themselves among their books; they have nobody belonging to them; their hearts dry up, and they don't care for common troubles. Oh, I know it: they are often more heathens than Christians. I have no faith in those sort of people. He will have a struggle with them, and then he will find it to be of no use. I am as sure as if it had happened already," cried Cicely, her bright eyes sparkling indignant behind her tears.

"At least we need not think them so bad till we know," said Mab, more charitably.

Cicely had excited herself by this impassioned statement, in which indeed the Oxford men were innocent sufferers enough, seeing that she knew nothing about them. "I must not let myself believe it; I dare not let myself believe it," she said in her heart; "but, oh! if by chance things did happen *so*!" What abundant compensation, what lavish apology, did this impetuous young woman feel herself ready to offer to those maligned dons!

The advertisement was at last fairly written out, with the exception of the address to be given. "Papa may surely tell me where they are to apply," Cicely said, though with doubts in her mind as to whether he was good even for this; and then she wrote her letters, one of which was in Mr. St. John's name to the lawyer who had written to him about the furniture, asking that the sale might not take place until the curate's half year, which ended in the end of September, should be out. Mr. St. John would not do this himself. "Why should I ask any favour of those people who do not know me?" he said; but he had at length consented that Cicely might write "if she liked;" and in any case the lawyer's letter had to be

answered. Cicely made this appeal as business-like as possible. "I wonder how a man would write who did not mind much—to whom this was only a little convenience," she said to her sister. "I don't want to go and ask as if one was asking a favour of a friend—as if we cared."

"But we do care; and it would be a favour——"

"Never mind. I wish we knew what a man would say that was quite independent and did not care. 'If it is the same to you, it would be more convenient for me not to have the furniture disturbed till the 22nd of September'—that is the kind of thing. We girls always make too much of a favour of everything," said Cicely, writing; and she produced an admirable imitation of a business letter, to which she appended her own signature, "Cecil St. John," which was also her father's, with great boldness. The curate's handwriting was almost more womanlike than hers, for Cicely's generation are not taught to write Italian hands, and I do not think the lawyer suspected the sex of the production. When she had finished this, she wrote upon another sheet of paper, "My dear aunt, I am——" and then she stopped sharply. "It is cool now, let us take them out for a walk on the common," she said, shutting up her desk. "I can finish this to-night."

It was not, however, the walk on the common Cicely wanted, but to hide from her sister that the letter to Aunt Jane was much less easy than even those other dolorous pieces of business. Poor Cicely looked upon the life before her with a shudder. To live alone in some new place, where nobody knew her, as nursemaid to these babies, and attendant upon her father, without her sweet companion, the little sister, who, though so near in age, had always been the protected one, the reliant dependent nature, believing in Cicely, and giving her infinite support by that belief! How could she do it? Yet she herself, who felt it most, must insist upon it; must be the one to arrange and settle it all, as so often happens. It would not be half so painful to Mab as to Cicely; yet Mab would be passive in it, and Cicely active; and she could not write under Mab's smiling eyes, betraying the sacrifice it cost her. Mab laughed at her sister's impetuosity, and concluded that it was exactly like Cicely to tire of her work all in a moment, and dash into something else. And, accordingly, the children's out-door apparel was got from the nursery,

and the girls put on their hats, and strayed out by the garden-door upon the common, with its heathery knolls and furze-bushes. Harry and Charley had never in all their small lives had such a walk as this. The girls mounted them upon their shoulders, and ran races with them, Charley against Harry, till first one twin, and then the other, was beguiled into shrill little gusts of laughter: after which they were silent—themselves frightened by the unusual sound. But when the races ended, Charley, certainly the hero of the day, opened his mouth and spoke, and said "Adain!" and this time when they laughed the babies were not frightened. Then they were set down and rolled upon the soft grass, and throned in mossy seats among the purple fragrant heather. What an evening it was! The sky all ablaze with the sunset, with clouds of rosy flame hanging like canopies over the faint delicious openings of that celestial green which belongs to a summer evening. The curate, coming from a distant round into the parish, which had occupied him all the day, found them on the grass under the big beech-tree, watching the glow of colour in the west. He had never seen his girls "taking to" his babies before so kindly, and the old man was glad.

"But it is quite late enough to have them out; they have been used to such early hours," he said.

"And Harry wants his tea," piped that small hero, with a half-whimper.

Then the girls jumped up, and looked at each other, and Cicely grew crimson. Here was a beginning to make, an advantage terrible to think of, to be given to the dethroned Annie, who no doubt was enjoying it keenly. Cicely had already forgotten the children's tea!

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN A STUDIO.

BY W. W. STORY.

Mallett. Come in.

Belton. *Eccomi quà!* Here I am again! as the clown says when he leaps into the arena.

Mallett. And all smile and cry bravo, and are delighted to see him, being sure that something pleasant is coming.

Belton. *Servo umilissimo di vostra signoria! Mi fa troppo onore.*

Mallett. Yes; it is a satisfaction to have some one to talk with who can sympathize

with what one is interested in. For the most part talk is so bald and shallow that it seems like a feeble stream running over pebbles, making a constant noise and babble, as it were, out of fear of silence. With ordinary persons one runs into two dangers — first, of not being understood, and second, of being misunderstood; and the latter is the worse predicament.

Belton. For the most part people do not think at all. They have little phrases and formulas which stand in their minds for thoughts and opinions, and they repeat them parrot-like. Most of their notions and ideas and prejudices are mere extraneous accretions, barnacled on to them by men and books in their passage through life, as shells are on a vessel, but not growing out of them, or really belonging to them.

Mallett. Or, if you will allow me another simile, they are facts and opinions which they have swallowed but not digested. All real knowledge and thought must be transmuted and assimilated into our nature, absorbed into our being, as our food is changed into our blood, and then only is it ours, or rather it is us. Nothing is more striking among men than their utter absence of thinking outside the groove of their practical occupations and interests; and this is specially manifest in matters of faith, religion, and art. Many of those who think they are thinking, are merely repeating dead formulas and phrases which they have accepted without investigation of their real meaning. Indeed I am persuaded that phrases and formulas rule the world more than ideas. They are easy to say, they have a gloss of truth, and they save the trouble of thinking. By dint of constant repetition they get to be accepted for a time as axioms, and in religion words become a fetish independent of their significance. And, apropos of this, I remember a story of Chief-Justice Marshall and Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun was a man of a vague metaphysical tendency of mind, who was always philosophizing about the principles of government and politics, and endeavouring to reduce them to formulas. One day while calling upon Chief-Justice Marshall, he began to broach some of his theories, to which the chief-justice listened in silence. At last Mr. Calhoun said, "I have been deeply reflecting of late upon the principles of government, and I have come to the conclusion that they are founded solely on organization and distribution." "Undoubtedly," said the chief-justice; "but what organization, what dis-

tribution, Mr. Calhoun?" "Ah," said Mr. Calhoun, "that I have not yet determined." Is it not amazing that a man with such ability should allow himself to be fooled by the mere phrase "organization and distribution"?

Belton. I am not surprised. The formula or phrase enunciated in a speech at Newcastle by Earl Russell on the great civil war in America, that "the two parties are contending on the one side for empire, the other for power," is of the same kind — and it went from mouth to mouth over all England, and was repeated everywhere as an admirable summary of the whole question. But does it mean anything? Which party was contending for empire and which for power? What is empire as distinguished from power? The formula is concise — but does it mean anything?

Mallett. I never could see that it did, but it had a great success in England. It was a formula that saved the trouble of thinking; a sort of Liebig's extract put up in a portable can and capable of dilution into infinite twaddle.

Belton. In the same way intelligent persons will quote with pleasure images and phrases in the form of verse, which made in simple prose would only provoke their laughter. Ordinarily there seems to be little or no common sense exercised in regard to poetry. There is, I suppose, something in the rhythmical measure of verse which carries the mind away from considering its exact meaning. Certainly the popularity of a quotation has little relation to either its sense or its poetic merit. Indeed it has always been a mystery to me why certain quotations are popular. As far as simplicity in writing is concerned, we are better in all respects than we were in the early part of the century. We seek at least to be more natural in our expressions, and have rejected in great measure that strained and artificial diction which charmed our grandfathers. We no longer "pour the lay" or "strike the lyre" when we write a poem. Faults enough we have, but at least we strive to write intelligibly.

Mallett. I am not so sure of that. We have not the same kind of unnatural jargon, but we have not entirely rid ourselves of all jargon; and a new reaction is now beginning against the previous reaction of simplicity. I cannot but feel that among some of the latest writers of the present day there is a tendency to over-refinement and over-elaboration both of phraseology and of thought. Words are strained into

new senses, and ideas rarefied into metaphysical and sentimental vagueness.

Belton. One is certainly disposed sometimes to ask with Antonio, "Is that anything now?"

Mallett. Ay, and to answer with Basanio, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing." "His reasons are as two grains of wheat tied in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you shall find them, and when you have found them they are not worth the search."

Belton. We do not exercise the same kind of judgment in poetry as in prose. The commonest and tritest moral axiom acquires with most persons a special value if it be put into a rhythmical form.

Mallett. I was very much struck with this in reading one of Carlyle's essays the other day. After quoting the following lines of Goethe —

Die Tugend ist das höchste Gut,
Das Laster Weh dem Menschen thut —

he adds, "In which emphatic couplet does there not, as the critics say in other cases, lie the essence of whole volumes such as we have read?" Now I ask you, is there anything in this bald couplet, — which, literally translated, is "Virtue is the highest good — Vice does injury to man," — that entitles it to such praise from such a man?

Belton. It seems to me utterly flat.

Mallett. Is it any better than Honesty is the best policy — Hope is the anchor of the soul — All is not gold that glitters, "in which lies the essence of whole volumes"? But put some of these proverbs into verse and see what a different effect they have. For example —

Virtue is the highest blessing;
All that glitters is not gold;
Evermore be onward pressing;
Oh be bold — but not too bold.

Not unto the swift the race is,
Nor the battle to the strong;
Dear to man are commonplaces;
Life is short and art is long.

Up then when the morning's pearly,
Water every feeble germ;
'Tis the bird that rises early
That alone secures the worm.

Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

Belton. Go on — go on.

Mallett. No, that is quite enough — one might "go on forever" as Tennyson's "Brook" says, only —

Spake full well in ages olden
One of the Teutonic race,
Speech is silvern, silence golden;
Everything should have its place.

Least said is the soonest mended;
We must give as we would take;
And the bow too rudely bended,
In the end is sure to break.

Belton. Such noble sentiments in such noble verse ought to be popular.

Mallett. I anticipate immortality from them. Are they not moral, are they not wise — are they not intelligible to the meanest intellect — are they not apples of gold in plates of silver?

Ever place life's golden apples
Upon Fortune's silver plate;
Victory crowns the soul that grapples
Sternly in the toils of fate.

Belton. I don't see how the last two lines are a *sequitur* to the first two.

Mallett. Oh! if you demand meaning, I give it up. The poet is not to be judged by such low rules. He is above meaning. I will rhyme no more for you. So long as you praised me it was all very well, but no true poet is ready to accept blame or criticism. You ask for meaning; I do not see the absolute necessity of having any meaning. For instance, are you not always affected by the allusion to little birds going to their nests at night? Does not many a poet, and prose-writer too, for the matter of that, speak with perfect seriousness of this, as if it were a fact. Whenever night comes on and twilight draws her "gradual dusky veil" over the world, are you not pretty sure that the little birds will be going to their nests, in half the poems descriptive of twilight? Every one who thinks for a moment, knows, of course, that birds do not live in nests, save female birds while they are hatching their young, and then that they do not go there solely at night, but remain there all day. Yet by poetic license they always have a nest for their home at night. The truth is that people do not think — "Thinking is nothing but a waste of thought," as one of the Smiths writes in "Rejected Addresses."

Belton. And "Nought is everything, and everything is nought." "Do not leave out the following line which so grandly completes the couplet. Do you remember those famous lines in Dryden's "Indian Emperor" that all the world used to admire and quote as exquisite? What you were saying about the birds reminded me of them. Listen, and say if anything could be more senseless and incorrect. Cortez appears "alone in a night-gown" and thus describes night: —

All things are hushed as nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,

The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew
sweat,

Even lust and envy sleep; yet love denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes,

Can anything be more false and unnatural
than this?

Mallett. It is not much worse than Pope's translation of the night-scene in the Trojan camp, in which he has turned the simple Homeric description into absurdity, distorting every image, and setting it to an artificial see-saw of verse. Yet these lines are even now quoted with approbation as a description of nature.

Belton. No one can deny that these were remarkable men. How was it that they could so stultify their minds and their senses?

Mallett. Because they aimed not at truth or nature, but at a sort of vague will-o'-wisp called poetry, which demanded to be clothed in fantastic and far-fetched imagery; and they thought to obtain this by adopting an artificial diction removed from common usage. They could speak with great directness and vigour when they chose, and their satire bites with sharp enough teeth. Look at Pope's attack on Addison, when he was thoroughly and bitterly in earnest. There is no lack of savage directness there, in language or images. Or read, for instance, Dryden's noble essay on dramatic poetry, and especially those passages in which he speaks of Shakespeare. There is no more vigorous piece of English in our language. Yet Dryden, bombastic and unnatural as he himself could be at times, can vituperate soundly the bombast and swelling hyperbole of others. In the dedicatory epistle to "The Spanish Friar," he thus condemns the "Bussy d'Ambois" of Chapman:—

"I have sometimes wondered in the reading what was become of these glaring colours which amazed me in 'Bussy d'Ambois' upon the theatre, but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish."

Belton. And this was in the dedicatory epistle to "The Spanish Friar," which is one of the most bombastic plays Dryden ever wrote. Had he been describing some of his own work, he could not have done it better. But this shows how blind we are to our own faults, and how lynx-eyed to the faults of others.

Mallett. When Dryden wrote prose he was strong, nervous, and pointed. So, too, when he wrote satire in verse he spoke directly and to the purpose. But when he tried the higher phases of poetry, and attempted the ideal or the dramatic, he constantly fell into bombast and nonsense; not always, indeed, for there are scenes in his dramas which are striking—as, for instance, that between Aufidius and Antony, in which he strove to imitate Shakespeare's scene between Brutus and Cassius; and the play in which this occurs Dryden tells us, in his essay on poetry and painting, is the only one he ever wrote for himself.

Belton. It is certainly a striking scene—but how inferior to Shakespeare's!

Mallett. Yet nobody has spoken in a more noble manner of Shakespeare: "If Shakespeare were stripped of all the bombasts in his passions" (he says in the preface to "Troilus and Cressida"), "and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remain. If his embroideries were burnt down there would be still silver at the bottom of the melting-pot; but I fear (at least let me fear it for myself) that they who ape his sounding words have nothing of his thought, but are all outside. There is not so much as a dwarf within one giant's clothes."

Belton. Yet, if I remember right, he has in his adaptation of "Troilus and Cressida" cut out all that magnificent dialogue between Ulysses and Achilles, and has besides so hacked and spoiled the play that it is scarcely recognizable; as for his substitutions and insertions, nothing could be worse. But in his adaptation of "The Tempest" he has shown even less judgment and poetic sensibility. It requires all one's patience to read it.

Mallett. You must not lay all that to Dryden's door. The adaptation of "The Tempest" was chiefly Davenant's work.

Belton. Ay, but Dryden abetted him; and I am not sure if all the embroideries of both were burnt down there would be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot.

Mallett. You must judge Dryden by the taste of his age, as you judge every second-rate man. It is only first-rate

men that lead their age. But listen to what he says of Shakespeare: "He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greatest commendation: he was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature: he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike: were he so, I should do him injustice to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flatly insipid: his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

That is what I call good strong English.

Belton. It is indeed.

Mallett. Listen again to what he says of Ben Jonson: "He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them. There is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him." But he could rail as well as he could praise. Witness his attack on Little's play, "The Empress of Morocco," which is as bitter and biting as satire can be. He takes the poor author up as a mastiff would a cur, and shakes the very life out of him. "This upstart literary scribbler," he says, "who lies more open to censure than any writer of the age, comes among the poets like one of the earth-born brethren, and his first business in the world is to attack and murder all his fellows. This; I confess, raised a little indignation in me, as much as I was capable of for so contemptible a wretch, and made me think it somewhat necessary that he should be made an example to the discouragement of all such petulant ill writers and that he should be dragged out of the obscurity to which his own poetry would have forever condemned him. I

knew, indeed, that to write against him was to do him too great an honour; but I considered Ben Jonson had done it before to Dekker," etc.; and with this prologue to battle he begins, and tears his adversary to pieces.

Belton. I like this less than the praise. Little would have perished without all this savagery; and, vigorous as it is, it would have been better unsaid.

Mallett. At all events, it is not weak, bombastic, or artificial, as much in his drama is. But poetry in his day was already in the decline, while prose was still in the strength of its manhood. Afterwards poetry made an alliance with nonsense, exiling sense from its domains, and welcoming in its stead gilded furious feebleness and swelling distortion. England has many great examples of bombast and artificiality of diction, but I doubt if she can show a single author who in these qualities is superior to the American poet, (God save the mark!) Robert Treat Paine, who wrote at the beginning of this century. His bombast and artificiality surpass everything in literature. And yet he was famous in his day, and his contemporaries placed him in the front rank as a poet. Listen to this passage in his poem on the "Invention of Letters," where he is celebrating the virtues of Washington:—

Could Faustus live, by gloomy grave resigned,
With power extensive as sublime his mind,
Thy glorious life a volume should compose
As Alps immortal, spotless as its snows;
The stars should be its types, its press the age,
The earth its binding, and the sky its page.

Belton. Magnificent! Absurdity, or, to use Dryden's words, "the rumbling of robustious nonsense," can truly go no further.

Mallett. Listen, too, to what his biographer calls "the following nervous lines" in his famous poem of "The Ruling Passion":—

Yet such there are, whose smooth perfidious smile
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in guile.
May screaming night-fiends, hot in recreant gore,
Rive their strained fibres to their heart's rank core,
Till startled conscience heap in wild dismay
Convulsive curses on the source of day.

Is not that a pretty periphrasis?

Belton. Amazing! nervous indeed!

Mallett. I must give you one other touch of this stupendous poet. He was the author of the most famous political

song of his time, entitled "Adams and Liberty," which was sung everywhere in America with the utmost enthusiasm to the air now known as "The Star-Spangled Banner," and thought to be a wonderful production of genius. Wonderful indeed it is, though not exactly in the same sense. But let me read you the account of one of the verses of this song as given by his biographer. "There was," he says, "never a political song more sung in America than this; and one of more poetical merit was, perhaps, never written. An anecdote deserves notice respecting one of the best stanzas in it. Mr. Paine had written all he intended, and, being in the house of Major Russell, the editor of the *Sentinel*, showed him the verses. It was highly approved, but pronounced imperfect, as Washington was omitted. The sideboard was replenished, and Paine was about to help himself, when Major Russell familiarly interfered, and insisted in his humorous manner that he should not slake his thirst till he had written an additional stanza in which Washington should be introduced. Paine marched back and forth for a few minutes, and *suddenly starting*, called for a pen. He immediately wrote the following sublime stanza, afterwards making one or two trivial verbal amendments:—"

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts ne'er could rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of his scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Belton. Bravo, Paine! what an image! what a picture! He must have been a wonderful man! How is it that he is not known throughout the world?

Mallett. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," and ungratefully has suffered him and his works to pass away into oblivion.

Belton. It is certainly clear, when such verses are written and admired, that neither poet nor public can think it worth while to exercise their common sense, and that there is some charm quite beyond any intelligible meaning that they must have. But it comes back to what we were saying. For the most part people do not think at all. They like what they are taught to

like; they believe what they are taught to believe. They learn certain phrases and formulas, and these stand in their minds for thoughts and opinion. But after all it serves the same purpose.

Mallett. No, it does not; on some questions, as those of religion, for instance, it is not permissible for men not to think, and deeply consider what they profess to believe.

Belton. Too much thinking might lead to unbelief, since we cannot satisfactorily solve anything if we begin to inquire too curiously into it. It is better, therefore, to accept a ready-made creed, established and recognized by fifty generations of men—for which heroes have died and martyrs have gone to the stake—than to vamp up a new one out of our own individual ideas. At all events, it is easier to drop anchor in the Church's port than to war with the winds and waves of controversy, and expose ourselves to the dangers of heresy or atheism. Why should I set up my opinion against the mass of authority? I like the Roman Church because it takes all the trouble of thinking off my mind. It thinks for me, and tells me what to believe: I accept it, and am perfectly happy.

From The Contemporary Review.
WEST-INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

IN bringing such a subject before the English public, one has the advantage of entering upon comparatively unbroken ground. The number of these superstitions is so great, that some, at least, will almost certainly be new to every reader of this review. Even to West-Indians themselves, familiar with many of these extraordinary beliefs from their childhood, some mentioned in this article will be new, from the fact that they vary greatly in different islands of the Caribbean group, so greatly that sometimes the superstitions connected with the same thing are almost directly opposite in islands geographically very near each other.

The character, too, of many of the superstitions is such that there is an interest attaching to them not dependent upon the way in which the subject may be treated.

The study of them is, and has always been, to the writer a very fascinating one. It would naturally be so from his profession. But it has other attractions besides its bearing upon professional duties. There is in these things a wide enough

field for guessing as to their origin and meaning. It is but guess-work, as of course we possess but few data to give us any clue to the meaning of many opinions that have always had a firm hold on the minds of the ignorant in these islands, or to the purpose of many practices that obtain among them, whether these be of directly African origin or otherwise.

They are amusing enough from their very absurdity. But he who would root them out of negro minds will find he has a harder task than he bargained for. Many generations must pass; education must be much more widely diffused; and religion must become much more of a reality, before the hold of these notions can be even loosened, whether they be only West-Indian forms of European or American superstitions, or whether they be direct African importations.

The writer has found great difficulty in inducing people who believed in these superstitions to tell them to him. They have a sort of feeling that these things are in themselves wrong, and therefore they shrink from telling them to "the parson." And they have an instinctive perception that you will laugh at them.

Some superstitions, common in these parts, are not peculiarly West-Indian. They have been transplanted bodily, and the only thing to be remarked about them is that they find a congenial soil in the Caribbean Archipelago, and flourish as vigorously as in their native homes.

Such, for example, is the belief about a parson's giving a vessel a bad passage—a superstition that has evidently sprung from the bad results of Jonah's presence in a certain vessel. An old West-Indian skipper once told me that he had remarked that if you carried more than one parson at once you were all right. The old fellow thought that one acted as an antidote to the other. "The trouble is when you have *only* one, sir," he said to me; "no matter how favourable the wind has been, it is sure either to go dead ahead or to fall off entirely."

Such another superstition, prevalent in almost every Christian land, is that thirteen is an unlucky number at dinner—unlucky, at least, for the one who leaves the table first. This belief is by no means confined to the lower orders. There is no wonder it should be so widespread and so deeply rooted when its origin is remembered. Most know that it sprang from the fatal result which attended Judas, the first who left the table at that most wonderful supper ever known

on earth—the supper at which the Great Master and his chosen apostles made the thirteen.

As might be expected, the most abundant of all West-Indian superstitions are those connected with dead bodies and funerals.

When one of our people has a sore or bruise of any description, he will on no account have anything to do with a dead body. The sore is made incurable thereby, or almost so. This notion is very prevalent both in St. Croix and Grenada, two islands widely different in every respect, as unlike in their physical conformation, in the habits and manners of their people, indeed in their character altogether, as two West-Indian islands can be. But in neither of them will any person who has a sore, follow a funeral. Even if the sore be on the leg or foot, and thus be covered, it matters not. Go to that funeral you must not, if you wish the sore to get well. Even if the deceased be so near of kin to you that you must needs be one of the funeral procession, beware how you have anything to do with getting the body ready for the grave. You must not be about the corpse in any way.

Instances of the firm grasp this notion has on the negro mind can be readily furnished by any clergyman in these islands. And it is far from being relaxed even in minds that have received some cultivation. I recollect a black man in the island of Grenada, who was very intelligent, and had read a good deal, and was also a member of the Grenada House of Assembly, who assigned a bruise on his foot as the reason of his absence from a funeral where I had expected to see him. He alluded to it as a matter of course, and was apparently astonished at my being unable to feel that his excuse was a good one. This was a man, who, though entirely self-taught, could quote Shakespeare, of whom he was very fond, with great accuracy, and at much length. Doubtless, even on that occasion, he consoled himself with his favourite author; and, although he did not say so, he thought that there were "more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy."

In St. Croix, a very slight bruise indeed is sufficient to make it highly dangerous for you to have any dealings with a dead body. At one of the first funerals I attended here, I was putting on my gown and bands at the house where the corpse lay, and I happened, in fastening the

bands, to give my finger a prick with a pin, sufficient to draw a drop of blood. One of the people present earnestly entreated me not to go into the room where the dead body lay in the yet uncovered coffin. "You must not look upon the dead now, sir," said the woman—a good woman too.

Possibly this belief in the harmful powers of dead bodies may be connected with the Jewish notion of the uncleanness that came from touching the dead. Not that there is any repugnance in these countries to touching, or being with a dead body as such. Our people are only too ready to crowd in to see a dead body, to sit up with it at night, to wash it, or aught else, provided only there be no sore in the case. Then they give the corpse a wide berth.

Even sore eyes are made much worse by looking on the dead.

But yet, strange to say, the superstition in Barbados is that, if any rum be used in washing the corpse, the person who will use it afterwards for washing the eyes, may then and there dismiss all fear of bad eyes for the future. You are thus safe from cataract, or any other eye-ailment—such is the magic power of this disgusting remedy. And, verily, any one who could be found willing to go through such an ordeal ought to have his reward in eyes made strong enough to last him his lifetime. Some of the authorities in Barbados, however, hold that it is not necessary for the living to use the very rum which has been used for the dead, so the washing of the sore or weak eyes be performed in the presence of the dead body.

In another respect, too, the Barbadian superstition about contact with a dead body differs from the St. Croisian. The touch of a dead hand has a wonderful effect upon all swellings and chronic pains. I believe that, even in Barbados, there ought to be no abrasion of the skin; but of this I am not quite sure. Anyhow, as regards the pain or swelling, any old Barbadian negro woman will tell you how to cure it—ay, even when the "great doctors" have given it up. You have only to get into the room at night with the corpse, take its hand, and pass it carefully over the swollen or painful place. You can then go away quite sure that the swelling will go down, or the pain diminish, contemporaneously with the decay of that dead body in the grave.

But now comes the important point. You must go into the room *alone*, and remain in it *alone* all the time, or else there

is no more virtue in your friend's dead hand than there was in his living one. Yes, alone you must encounter him. And what, then, will you do with the "duppies," as they call ghosts in Barbados, or "jumbies," as they say in St. Croix?

It is true you can take a light when you go in to do the rubbing, and we all know that jumbies, or duppies, or whatever they are, can't bear light, except it be pale, dim moonlight. That will be a little help. But still there is a risk. Woe betide him who dares in Barbados, pass a light, whether lamp or candle, across a dead person's face, or even hold it over it! Such an outrageously venturesome person would soon have the lamp of his own life extinguished as the price of his temerity!

Alluding, as I did just now, to the practice of washing the dead, reminds me of a custom prevailing in St. Croix among those who perform that unpleasant office, or who otherwise assist in preparing the body for the coffin. They are almost sure to take home with them, and keep in their own homes, something immediately connected with that body. It may be a lock of hair, or it may be some garment, or even a fragment of a garment. But be it what it may, something must be taken, if the spirit of the dead is to be prevented from molesting those daring ones who ventured to tamper with the place of its late habitation.

Of course it is difficult to give the *rationale* of any particular superstition. This last may, however, be perhaps explained. At first thought, it seems most natural to believe that the surest way to prevent any visit from a dead man is to take nothing of his with you. But not so. A liberty has been taken with his body by one who is probably a total stranger, hired perhaps for the express purpose of preparing him for his coffin. Now, if you take something of his, something that is either a part of him, or has been on his person, you in a sense identify yourself with him; you establish, as it were, a kind of relationship, and thus the liberty you take with him must seem much less to him.

Kinglake relates, in "Eöthen," a similar custom prevailing among the people of Constantinople. When an Osmanlee dies, one of his dresses is cut in pieces, and every one of his friends receives a small piece as a memorial of the deceased. If it be true that the infection of the plague is in clothes, then, as Kinglake observes, this is certainly a fatal present, for it not only forces the living to remember the

dead, but often to follow and bear him company.

The disgusting and heathenish practice of having dancing during the night, while a corpse is in the house, prevails among the negroes in many West-Indian islands. Revolting superstitions are probably connected with this custom, which seems at once to transplant us to lands where the light of the gospel has not yet penetrated. All old negroes, when asked about it, say that this custom came from Africa.

We pass now to superstitions connected with funerals, where also we have a wide field—too wide, indeed, to be occupied within the limits of a single article. These are perhaps more plentiful in Grenada, St. Lucia, and Dominica, than in other West-Indian islands.

In all the islands rain at a funeral, or on the day of a man's burial, is thought a good sign about him. The old superstition, expressed in the saying, "Blessed is the dead that the rain rains on," prevails here as in Europe.

There is a curious practice, not uncommon among the very ignorant in Grenada. When a corpse is passing through the door on the way to interment, the bearers will let down the head of the coffin gently three times, tapping the threshold with it every time. I have been told that this was to let the dead bid farewell to his house in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We say to let *the dead* bid farewell, for that the body is merely the tenement in which the man lived, the machine through which he acted, is an idea which the negroes have in no wise realized yet. They are far, generally speaking, from believing that the living, sentient man is gone, and is living for the present in a separate existence. The body to them is still the man.

Sometimes a gourd, or a small cup, will be thrown into the grave just before the coffin is lowered. It is brought from the house of the deceased, and contains earth, or perhaps, if the people are Roman Catholics, it has holy water, brought from church on Good Friday, and kept hitherto as a great charm.

I have in Grenada, seen the bearers of a corpse running at a tolerably quick pace, and, on remonstrating about the impropriety, I was told that the bearers could not help it, as the dead was running. Both the bearers and my informant firmly believed this; and he was a shrewd black man, who could read and write, who was thriving as a cocoa-planter on a small scale,

and was even a communicant of my own church. He proceeded on that occasion, in proof of his statement, to relate to me many cases he had known of this wonderful desire on the part of a corpse to have a run, as also some in which the corpse had almost refused to go, from an objection to some one of the bearers. It had, of course, been always found that, on the substitution of some one else for the obnoxious bearer, the dead man had gone to his grave cheerfully enough.

This is another proof how far from the negro mind is any notion of the person, the individual "I," being anything else than the body itself.

It must be remarked, however, that corpses do not play these funny tricks in every island. I have never known them in St. Croix for example, to have any decided propensity either to run or to stand still, so the bearers have an easier time of it.

In measuring a dead body for the coffin, the thing generally used in Grenada is one of those reeds called "wild canes." These grow in swampy places, and are very common in Grenada. A clump of them looks from a distance exceedingly like sugar-canes. But whether it be the wild cane or any other stick, the measuring-rod is taken to the grave, and thrown in on the coffin as soon as this is lowered. It is worth while knowing, too; that to take the rod that has measured a dead body and measure yourself against it is certain death at no long interval.

The custom common in St. Croix, and all but universal in Grenada and some other islands, for every person present at a funeral to cast in at least one handful of earth on the coffin, after the funeral service is over, has been variously explained to me, as an asking for the dead person's prayers, as an act of praying for him, as a formal taking leave of him, or as a helping to do the last act for him—viz., make his grave. I think the second is the prominent idea in most negro minds, for I have often heard a "God bless you," or a "God rest you," accompanying the act. I have also myself heard, along with the throwing-in of the earth, the request made for the dead man's prayers. Among the more educated of our lower orders, the last is perhaps the reason—the taking a share in making up your friend's last resting-place. Whether this throwing in earth is an imitation of any ceremony in use among the illustrious body of Freemasons, who cer-

tainly cast things into graves, the writer, in his utter ignorance of their tenets, cannot determine.

Next in our course, we naturally enough come to the superstitions connected with illness. And it is wonderful to think of the risks we run through ignorance, or through our obstinate unbelief of the queer stories we hear.

The only thing more wonderful is the beautiful simplicity of some remedies—remedies not to be met with in any pharmacopœia, or any doctor's book whatever. Only think that a few hard red seeds of one of the leguminous plants common here, worn round the neck, will prevent a "rush of blood to the head," whatever that terrible expression means! Only think, too, that a little bit of scarlet cloth round the neck, no matter how narrow a strip it may be, will keep off the whooping-cough. Perhaps the sanguineous colour of the seeds is a sort of homœopathic remedy—like curing like; but why the cloth cures the whooping-cough, and why it must be scarlet, who can say?

Simplest of all cures, however, is a small bit of paper, carefully made in the form of a cross, then wet, and stuck on a baby's forehead, to take away the hiccoughs. This is a true homœopathic remedy in another way. It can't hurt you, even if it do you no good.

In the island of Nevis there is an unfailing cure for warts. They must be rubbed with a bit of stolen meat. The peculiarity about this remedy is that it does not matter what the meat is, whether pork or mutton, beef, veal, or venison, or anything else. It is true it must not be fowl or fish, but meat. But the virtue is in the theft. The meat must be stolen, or you may rub with it until you rub it all away, and no result will follow.

All West-Indians are familiar with the virtue of the wedding-ring for rubbing a "stye," as those disagreeable little boils on the eyelid are called. One can understand the use of the friction or of the heat that is produced thereby. But the thing is that the ring must be a *wedding-ring*. Not every plain gold ring will do. The reason probably is that a wedding-ring is something which, once given, can never be taken back. It is therefore regarded as a suitable antidote to these styes or "cat-boils," as the Barbadian negro calls them, for, in my small-boy days, it was firmly believed by my old black nurse, and so taught to me, that if you gave anything away, and then took it back, you were sure of a "cat-boil."

In these cases, one can be one's own doctor, even though you "have a fool for your patient." But there are some horrible troubles, in which you need the aid of an adept. Such, for example, is the presence in the body of bits of broken glass, old nails, and such like, which can be drawn out, rubbed out, squeezed out, or got out somehow through the sufferer's skin by the man or woman supposed to possess some mysterious power. Hard as it may be of belief, it is nevertheless true, that not more than two years ago an instance occurred in the chief town of St. Croix, of two old negroes, natives of the island, one of whom was foolish enough to fetch in from the country an Antiguan negro man, to rub nails out of his wife's leg. The Antiguan man was well paid for the job, and after a great deal of soaping, he got an immense number of nails through the old woman's skin. They dropped from her leg freely through his hands into a basin, an indefinite number having been, of course, provided for the occasion by him. If he had not been interrupted by the entrance of an unbeliever, in the person of the old woman's son, who caused him to make a hasty exit through the window, there is no telling what he might have drawn out of her, as nothing was too hard for him to do, or for his victims to believe.

In a multitude of instances the illness comes from the presence of some evil spirit. Rarely, if ever, do we find among negroes any such idea as that the spirits of the departed dead revisit earth with a good intent. Joined with the gross materialism of these people there is yet a strong conviction of the agency of spirits, but almost always as doing actual hurt—as being an influence decidedly hostile to living people. The "jumbies" in some islands—notably St. Croix—are evil-disposed. The only innocent propensity they have in that island is to wear "jumby-beads." These are little red seeds, very bright, and with a black spot on every one. One would presume they are called "jumby-beads" because they are the "particular wanity" that the jumbies indulge in by way of ornamentation. The same seeds are called "crab's eyes" in Barbados, from their resemblance to the eyes of a very active little red crab well known there. The Barbadian ghosts are not so elaborately got up, it seems, as their St. Croisian brethren.

The power of seeing jumbies is hardly one to be coveted; but it is possessed, whether they like it or not, by those indi-

viduals in these islands who are fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to be born with that little membrane called a "caul," which sometimes encompasses a child when born. This membrane is generally kept by the family with the utmost care as long as it will last.

Such is the power of jumbies to hurt little children, that I have been told by a mother whose child was ill that it *could* not recover, as "de spirits dem bin and walk over de child." But there is a wonderful charm in the mere *outside* of a Bible or a prayer-book. Put one of these under the pillow on which the baby's head lies, and you can keep off the most mischievous jumbo. This will do for the daytime; and at night a bright light must be kept in the room. Otherwise, the jumbies will take advantage of the dark to do their evil deeds, to take their eccentric perambulations over the child, or to blow in its face. This last is quite a common jumbo-trick.

But they are poor, cowardly fellows, these West-Indian ghosts, after all. They will never come near a door that has the "hag-bush" hung up over the threshold. Or should any ghost, more courageous than the ordinary run, boldly pass under the magic bush, you can still laugh at his arts if you have much of it hanging about in the room. The "hag-bush," with which I am familiar, is the lilac. I have had, before now, to refuse to baptize a sick child on an estate in St. Croix until all the branches of lilac hanging around the room were thrown out, as I naturally felt a repugnance to admit a child into the Christian faith with emblems of heathenism hanging around it.

I have never found out whether it is the scent or the sight of the lilac which is so disagreeable to jumbies, or whether the anti-jumbo virtue is in something more intangible than sight or scent. Nor do I yet know if there is more than one "hag-bush." Probably so, for the lilac is not abundant enough to furnish supply for the possible demand.

Would that this were the worst use to which plants are put by some negroes in the West Indies! There is no doubt whatever that the medicinal properties of many common West-Indian herbs are known to them—herbs of whose deleterious or beneficial powers science as yet knows nothing. And it is sad to record my firm conviction that in many West-Indian islands murders are still committed sometimes by the administration of subtle and powerful vegetable poisons, given in

such a way as to preclude the possibility of detection.

In Nevis, the poisoner is safe from being haunted by the ghost of his victim if he will go to his grave, dig down to his body, and drive a stake through it. An instance has been known in that island where the family of a man supposed to be poisoned have secretly watched his grave every night for ten nights, with the expectation of detecting his supposed murderer when he came to stake him. No one coming, the idea of foul play connected with the death was given up.

With certain plants and with certain animals there always goes bad luck. The *Stephanotis*, rich in leaves and flowers though it is, is an unlucky plant in some mysterious way. But, considering of how slow growth it is, you have, at least, a very long time during which the storm is brewing before it actually bursts upon you.

There is another plant, however, that brings much more serious trouble upon any house near to which it grows. And this is of quick growth. It is the plant which a Barbadian may be pardoned for thinking the most beautiful of all flowers. I mean the *Poinciana pulcherrima*, or "pride of Barbados," or "flowering fence," as it is also called. In St. Croix, where it goes by the unpoetical name "doodledoo," it is never used as a hedge. Exceeding beautiful as it is, it only springs up here and there, without cultivation or care. People are unwilling to run the risk of the unknown troubles—and all the more alarming because unknown—which will follow the planting of it.

That other splendid and most showy tree, the *Poinciana regia*—the "flamboyant" or "flame tree," sometimes called in St. Croix "giant doodledoo," is not hurtful in itself, but it is remarkable as a tree under which jumbies like to sit. An old man, who transplanted a large one to my rectory, actually charged more for his work on account of the danger that he said attended the meddling with "such a jumbo-tree."

As regards animals, guinea-pigs may be mentioned as specially unlucky, at least in St. Croix. There are families there, among those from whom one would not expect such things, whose children would on no account be allowed to keep these pretty little pets. What precisely is the harm they do is not stated. All you can get out of any one is, "Oh, they always bring trouble to a house; they're very unlucky." And yet, if the writer of this was

a "dab" at one thing more than another in his small-boy days—which were spent in Barbados—it was at keeping guinea-pigs. They were kept by him on a scale so large that he could set up some of his schoolfellows as guinea-pig-keepers. He even ran the risk of keeping them sometimes in his desk at school, boring holes and cutting slits in the lid, to give the little bright-eyed creatures air. And it was a great risk to run, for those were the good old "licking times"—now, happily, almost over for schoolboys. The master of the school was one of those men who are now, it is to be hoped, nearly as extinct as the dodo—men who believed that you could teach a boy through his back, or through the palms of his hands, or the seat of his pantaloons. But yet the guinea-pigs never brought a thrashing upon their owner or his friends.

Some of the boys at this very school were possessed of a sovereign plan for making you perfect in your lessons, which may have kept off the trouble the guinea-pigs would otherwise have brought on the school. Although not a negro superstition, it may be mentioned here, being, as far as I know, only West-Indian. When you had learned any lesson *thoroughly* (and some fellows kept the talisman in their hands all the time of learning the lesson), rub the page up and down, or across, with a large seed, called a good-luck seed. Then return it to the pocket, where it ought to be kept. This done, you need not fear. Be the subject of study what it may, the power was as great in that seed to conquer every lesson, and just about as real, as in "Holloway's Pills" to cure every ill that flesh is heir to. The only thing in which the good-luck seed could not help was in arithmetic. There memory was of very little use, and so this wonderful substitute for, or rather whetstone to memory, was powerless. But alas! that venerable custom of the good-luck seed has entirely gone out of date. The present generation of Barbadian boys, high and low, I fear know it not. It has gone out with the almost equally absurd practice of making children say lessons entirely by rote. In these days children are happily taught to use their brains more; and in every school worth the name, whether in or out of the West Indies, reasoning and comparison, and other mental faculties higher than memory are cultivated more.

Birds have apparently more ill-luck attending them than animals. For any bird whatever to fly into your house and over

your head, is at least indicative of some ill tidings you are to hear before long. Birds have always had, ever since Solomon's days, a propensity to carry news. He warns us not to curse the king or the rich, lest "a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." And most of us can remember some "little bird" being jokingly given to us by our grandmothers or some old friend of our childhood as the authority for some piece of news.

But the only news that birds in the West Indies carry is ill news, it would seem. It is reserved for the "black bee," or "carpenter bee," so-called because he bores holes in wood, to come buzzing with any kind of news he can catch, good or bad. He is a true gossip. Only give him a piece of news, and away he flies, buzzing in the ear of this one and the other one, telling it to every one he meets, whether they wish to hear it or not. Your efforts to get rid of him are as vain as those of Horace, when victimized by his friend's loquacity. "*Nil agis, usque te-nebo, persequar*," is the spirit in which the fellow acts. The negro belief about him is that when he comes buzzing up to you, you are sure to hear some news before long. He can scarcely, however, be considered abundant in any West-Indian island. There is, to say the truth, such a plentiful supply of human gossips, male and female, in these islands, that there is hardly room for an insect with that propensity.

But to return to our birds. The "black and yellow creeper" of St. Croix, *Certhiola flaveola*, sometimes called "yellow-breast," is apt to betoken sickness or trouble if he frequent a house. But he only does this in St. Croix, not having a bad name in other places, except among planters. He certainly has the reputation of stealing sugar, whence another name of his, the "sugar-bird." Even this is, however, questionable. Perhaps he much rather goes after the flies that attack the sugar than after the sugar itself.

The gentle little "ground-dove," or "turtle-dove," as they call him in Barbados, *Chamaepetia trochila*, is, on the other hand, an innocent bird in St. Croix, whereas his going on the top of a house is a sure sign of death to one of the inmates in Barbados.

The bird who is the great "prophet of evils" is the "black witch," or "old witch," *Crotophaga ani*. And certainly if it is allowable at all to believe evil of any bird, this must be the one. The singu-

larly knowing look the creature has, with its hooked beak to give emphasis to the queer and malevolent expression of its eyes, the shabby-genteel appearance of its rusty black coat, the unearthly screech it utters, and its entire freedom from fear of man, allowing any one, as it does, to come very close to it—all these things combine to make it a most disagreeable bird. The very name—"black witch"—tells a tale of the unsavoury reputation the bird has. Some among our lower orders not only give these birds credit for supernatural powers as witches, but consider them the spirits of the departed returned to earth in this form. I have myself been told that when they were screaming round a house, they were really the jumbies calling on some one inside to come out and be one of themselves. There are people who will assure you that these old witches are so particular at times as to provide the usual number of bearers for the corpse. When a crowd of them is near a house, and some are apparently set apart from the rest, or are more vehement in their screaming, these are the ghostly bearers waiting to convey the spirit to its abode, just the same in number as those that shall take the body to its long home. This is the most distinct trace I have met with among negroes of the doctrine of metempsychosis.

These black witches are abundant in many West-Indian islands: in others they do not exist. It is said in Grenada that they came there by being blown over in numbers from Trinidad or Tobago. If so, one can imagine what consternation there was among the superstitious, when one morning they awoke and found these new colonists and fellow-citizens. How they came to St. Croix is not sure. It is almost the only one of those West-Indian islands whose ornithology has been looked into, that has no bird peculiar to itself. All the virgin forests of the island were set on fire by some early French settlers, who adopted this plan to cure it of real or supposed unhealthiness. They took to their ships, and did not return till the fire had burnt itself out. All the fauna of the island probably perished, and of the few varieties of birds in it (and they are very few) the originals must have been imported. Have the St. Croisians then to thank some kind friend for the first wizard and witch? Or did the birds come over *en masse*, a whole flock of jumbies?

Everywhere in the West Indies a superstition prevails among servants in reference to spiders. Not that the insect is

unlucky, but quite the contrary. The mischief is in killing him. The housemaid may sweep down any cobwebs, destroy ruthlessly any web, however old it be, but the spinner of the web she will allow to escape. Woe betide her if with broom or other instrument, and whether wittingly or unwittingly, she kill a spider! She is then certain to break some piece of crockery or glass in the house. The connection is undoubted. But what the connecting link is who can tell? The tradition is a very old one.

A long procession of black ants in a room is a bad sign, especially if among them there be those large ones with white wings, which are called "parson ants," from the resemblance to a clergyman in his surplice. They always, of course, signify a funeral from the house before long.

West-Indian houses are subject to the attacks of two or three kinds of ants, in great numbers at times, but superstitious housewives, at least in St. Croix, have two very efficacious remedies for them. First, they try the simple plan of preparing some fowl soup, but not for the family. They must have none of it. It is to be given over entirely to the ants. It must be put on the top of a press, or in some other private place, so that there may be a grand ant-banquet, undisturbed by the fear or presence of man. Appeased by this particular mark of respect, the ants will generally emigrate in a body. But should this be impracticable, a plan may be adopted, involving more trouble, but less outlay. Let one ant be caught, some one whose daring or appearance betoken him a leader, let him be wrapped up carefully in a small piece of meat, and then take him with you, either on foot or in some vehicle, as far as possible from your house. Cast him out with his meat, make all speed home, and sleep peacefully with the assurance that the ants will have left you before next day.

Among insects, crickets too play an important part for good or evil, according as they are "sick" or "money" crickets, the very names of which indicate the superstitions respecting them. The latter makes a steady, hissing sound, loud enough to penetrate a large room in every part. It is held strongly by our negroes that the presence of this insect in a house is an indication of the approach of money. The melancholy, fitful chirping of the sick cricket, betokens, with equal certainty, the nearness of illness.

But the causes of trouble are not in any wise confined, in the opinion of our credu-

lous people, to plants, or insects, or animals. Inanimate objects have as much, or still more, to do with trouble. And of them there are things which actually bring it, and those which only foretell it. It may be as well to give illustrations of both classes.

The feeling is by no means uncommon that to talk much of the health of a family, is a way to bring sickness on them. In the course of pastoral visitations, the clergyman will perhaps say, in a house where there is a large family, that he never has occasion to go to that house for visitation of the sick, so healthy is the household. He will be respectfully, but very decidedly asked not to speak too much about it, as it has been noticed that if this be done, sickness comes upon the family soon after. And sure enough perhaps it does come, as it must needs come sometimes to every large family. And thus the superstition gets firmer hold. All the many instances in which no result followed are forgotten, and this one case, in which the sickness did happen to follow soon after your congratulatory remarks, is given as a proof how well-founded the belief is. On such coincidences rests the public faith in "Zadkiel's Astrological Almanack," a mass of absurdities. The old man who publishes it owes his present large income partly to the fact that his predictions are generally, like the Delphic oracles, couched in such ambiguous language, that they can be fulfilled in many ways. But still more is the rapid sale of the book due to the fact that the astrologer has been fortunate enough to make some successful guesses. And who, that guesses upon so large a scale, and about so many things, but must be right sometimes?

This objection to speak too much about health may be an exaggeration of a proper dislike to anything like boasting, the same feeling that led Joab, while praying that the Israelites might be an hundred-fold as many as they were, to recommend King David not to see how many they actually were, and thus indulge his own pride in them.

There is another superstition, deeply rooted in St. Croix, that to add any building to your house—a wing, or any smaller shed—is sure to be followed by the death of some member of the family. Is it possible that the origin of this, too, was the feeling that it was a vain show, this adding to houses, and therefore deserved punishment? Strange notion, surely, of the merciful Lord, who is "not extreme to

mark what we have done amiss," but knoweth our weakness, and pitieth "as a father pitieth his children."

To something of the same feeling may also be referred the dislike that exists in certain West-Indian islands to repairing an enclosure within which the remains of the family lie. If you do so, it is likely that soon it must be taken down again for the entrance of another member of the family. It is not improbable that the original feeling here was that one had no right to take it for granted that his family burying-place could not be wanted again directly.

But if the last-mentioned superstitions are the development in a wrong direction of certain right feelings, the same cannot be said of the absurdities which I have now to mention.

The mere turning upside down of the calabash that is used to bale the passage-boats in St. Vincent, is a fearful thing, betokening sure destruction to the boat, and imperilling the lives of the passengers.

And in St. Croix it is terrible only to open an umbrella over your head in a house, a sure way to bring trouble, either on yourself or on some one in that house. Any reason for this I must leave to some more fertile imagination than my own to suggest.

Now, one can easily see why the present of a pair of scissors should be an unsuitable one, as dividing love. This belief is not at all purely West-Indian, but it is greatly prevalent in these islands. It is certainly held that the gift of a crooked pin, along with the knife or scissors, will do away with their ill effects. But authorities seem divided on this point, so it is better to be on the safe side.

"Circumstances over which you have no control" there are which will cause your troubles to come, or, rather, which will show that they are coming, "not single spies, but in battalions." Let a glass break in your house, as glasses sometimes will, without any reason that appears, and you are in trouble. The writer well remembers the consternation among the servants in his father's house at the sudden bursting of one of those large barrel-shades that have now almost gone out of use.

Another pretty sure sign of coming grief is when a horse neighs at your door. This is as deeply-rooted a superstition in negro minds as any I have mentioned, notwithstanding the hundreds of instances in which the sign must prove false. But yet a horse, accustomed to be driven

double, and neighing frequently when deprived by any chance of its companion, can carry trouble up one street and down another, and can certainly fill many a heart with dismay.

As might be expected, there are West-Indian superstitions enough connected with particular days, notably with Good Friday. It may be known in England that eggs laid on Good Friday will never spoil, but the virtue of Good Friday bitters is hardly known there. Any bitters made on that day have not only the ordinary properties of such a compound, but are invaluable cures for disease. So firm is this belief, that there is among the negroes quite a general making of bitters on Good Friday, which are put up and specially kept to be used in cases of dire illness. Well would it be for the West Indies, to say the truth, if the upper classes believed a little less in "bitters" as an article of diet, and confined themselves more strictly to the merely *medicinal* use of them.

It would extend this article far beyond its proposed limits if I were to enter at all upon the superstitions connected with dreams. Suffice it to say, that of them also we have our full share. We dream in these warm climes as often as, perhaps oftener than, those living in temperate latitudes. And there is the usual amount of nonsense believed about dreams, such as that they go by contraries, and the like. Far be it, however, from the writer to say that warnings are *never* given in dreams. He would not so impugn the veracity of some unexceptionable witnesses. He would not so question the truth of that saying of Elihu in the Book of Books, that the Almighty "openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction" sometimes "in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed."

In concluding this sketch of West-Indian superstitions, I cannot forbear mentioning one which I have met with among the negroes in St. Croix, and which is at least a beautiful one. It is the belief that the baptism of children ought always to be performed with rain-water. In going to a house for the private baptism of a sick child, and finding only well-water, I have been requested to wait until some rain-water could be got from a neighbouring house. The explanation was given me simply enough by a man: "'Tis de rain-water does come down from heaven." These people have a notion that the spring-water, being "of the earth,

earthy," is hardly the fitting vehicle for enrolling children as members of Christ's Church, and subjects of the kingdom of heaven. One would like to deal tenderly with such a poetical superstition, and almost wish to retain it rather than otherwise.

But how shall the hold be shaken of such gross superstitions as form the subject of this article? And all have not been mentioned. Would that they were only so many as could be embraced in the compass of one article! The story of them, though in every point of view interesting, though in some respects amusing, is a sad story after all. While such things are believed by any people, their notion of a personal loving Lord, "without whom not a sparrow can fall to the ground," and by whom "the very hairs of our head are all numbered," must be very imperfect. Practically, He is looked upon as too great a Being to concern Himself with the affairs of this world—a notion held by some who pretend to be much wiser than poor West-Indian negroes, but a foolish and devilish notion surely—or else too weak to be able to control all things. It is well to labour for the enlightenment of those who have such feelings about Him. It is well to use all our influence against every one of these absurd superstitions. It is well to use reasoning, and ridicule, and every available weapon against them, so that we may compel them to abide in holes and corners for sheer shame, until we can drive them out altogether. But it is best ourselves to live such a life of daily, childlike dependence on our God and Saviour, the Almighty Lord, "to whom all things in heaven and earth do bow and obey," as shall lead others likewise to feel that under His care they are safe, that nothing can really harm those that are His, but that all things are ever converging together for the good of them that love Him.

CHARLES J. BRANCH.

From The Globe.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

THERE is a strong local flavour about Hindoo proverbs, and they are full of allusions to musk-rats, crocodiles, monkeys and tigers, mango-trees, the jack-fruit, the banana, and the rice-plant. In reading a collection of them you can never forget the country that uses them. They contain constant allusions to caste and suttee,

and the tyrannical power of cruel rajahs, and to the sayings of learned Brahmins. Hundreds of Hindoo proverbs turn on the words and deeds of Vishnu and Krishna, or of the savage Siva. The servility and cunning of the people is visible in them as well as their superstitions, and the frequent allusions to sham devotees and hypocrites give one a clear impression that corruption has gained much ground even among the worshippers of Brahma.

We do not think that, taking an equal number of proverbs, there is half so much shrewd sense or original thought in Hindoo as in Arabic or Persian proverbs. But the Hindoo adages are so essentially Indian that the idea they contain acquires an interest from the novelty with which it is treated. The power of money, for instance, is alluded to in the proverbs of every nation, but only a Bengalee would think of saying, "One could buy oneself tiger's eyes if one had only money;" or when in a difficulty declaring it was as hard to do "as to kill seven snakes with one stroke." "Old servants and old rice are best," is a kind of Hindoo proverb reminding us that fidelity is now unknown in the East. In many Indian proverbs we find that half-humorous observation of the habits of animals which we might expect in the authors of so many fable-books. They say of a hypocrite, "The crane is a choice saint," referring to the sanctimonious gravity with which that bird waits for its prey; and they compare a fussy man to the small saphari fish splashing in a basin of water.

"The sandal-tree does not grow in every wood," is a thoroughly Hindoo proverb, and so is "You can never wash charcoal white." Some of these sayings require a knowledge of Hindoo customs before they can be understood, as "He's oiling his hands while the jack-fruit is still on the tree," a saying applied to people who count their chickens before they are hatched—it being necessary to oil the hands before touching jack-fruit, which exudes a glutinous juice.

The blind in Hindostan have the credit, especially when they turn beggars, of being rogues, and there is a proverb, "The blind man is to the house what the rank weed is to water." Nor are all proverbs that apply to Brahmins equally complimentary, for there are some as bitter as the old mediæval jokes against greedy priests. A furious encounter the Bengal people call "a serpent and ichneumon fight," from the inveterate hostility of these two animals.

A terrible phase of Hindoo life is suggested by a curious Bengalee proverb that says a man in a tiger's mouth is not so much afraid of the tiger's teeth as of the jungle he is going to; meaning that even in the presence of great calamities, small future ones seem more terrible. An equally cruel enemy of the Hindoo is alluded to in the following prudent proverb:—"What! dwell in the water and quarrel with the crocodile."

Many of these proverbs turn on mythological and traditional illusions; for instance, a man impatient of waiting for an appointment will say, "How much longer shall I stand and hold Lakshman's fruit?" The gentleman referred to held some fruit for his legendary brother, Ram, fourteen years without eating it. Here is one which is full of oriental colour:—"The bracelets tinkle on the lady's arm, and the fool cries, 'She is taking up rice for me.'" Here, too, is one Hindoo all over:—"The snake-charmer can hear the snake sneeze;" intimating that a man understands the business on which he is always engaged. And here are two more:—"I won't give you the water I wash my cowries in," and, "The pin fish goes on falling into the hands of a bad cook." The pin fish is a great delicacy, and the proverb means that a clever person can never be understood by a fool. "He breaks the cocoanut on another's head," is a Bengalee way of saying that a man has gained something to the loss of another. "Plantain sauce and parched rice," is a Hindostanee way of expressing a complete incongruity. "The mother of many never reaches the Ganges," is a Hindoo way of saying, "Everybody's business is nobody's business," and that the body will remain unburied.

There is a good, wholesome spite in some of these proverbs of Hindostan, that prove a fair amount of scolding can be carried on either in Bengalee or Mahrattah. If one low fellow praises another, a Hindoo says, "The ballad-singer praises the cowerd," two very low castes. If a poor man gives himself airs he is pretty soon told at the bazaar or the bath-room that he is "only the horn-bearer's bag-bearer." If a trader is sluggish in business, the proverb thrown at him is "Rub your nose with mustard oil and go to sleep," an allusion to a custom of the poorer Hindoos of snuffing up lamp-oil to induce sleep.

A truly lazy proverb, and thoroughly characteristic of the country, is this one:—"If I can find mangoes at the plantain's,

foot, why should I look under the mango-tree?" If an upstart talks like a rich or great man, they say, "Here's a hireling on thirty cowries giving drafts on Chittagong." Useless trouble is called "Going to Ceylon for a grain of turmeric."

There is no country where the proverbs are founded more on local customs than in Hindostan. "A great man's word is like the elephant's tusk" (not to be concealed or withdrawn), is a common Hindoo saying. A false devotee they com-

pare to "a tiger in a sacred grove." To a vulgar, boastful fellow, strutting about over-dressed, some one is sure to cry, "A red mango in the ape's paw and the ape cries 'Ram, ram,'" words of delight; and lastly, to close our specimens, when one man has gained an object by hard labour and another tries to gain the same without work, the saying used is, "One man kills himself with pounding the rice and another fills his cheeks with it smoking hot."

In his just published report to the foreign office, her Majesty's consul at Yokohama gives some interesting information respecting the preparation of lacquer-ware in Japan. Some Japanese, he says, give A. D. 724 as the date when the art of lacquering was first discovered, but those among them who have given attention to the subject fix the date as A. D. 889 or 900. It would appear to have attained to some perfection in 1290, for the name of a distinguished painter in lacquer at that time is still handed down as the founder of a particular school of art in lacquer-painting. Having described the manner in which the lacquer-varnish is obtained, Mr. Robertson gives some details of the mode in which designs in lacquer are worked. "The first thing," he says, "is to trace out on the thinnest of paper the required pattern or design, and the tracing is then gone over with a composition of lacquer-varnish and vermillion, afterwards laid on whatever it is proposed to impart the design to . . . and well rubbed over with a bamboo spatula." The outline thus left "is now gone over with a particular kind of soft lacquer-varnish. When this industry is pursued in hot weather the varnish speedily dries, and consequently where the pattern is a good deal involved . . . a small portion only is executed at one time, and the gold powder, which enters largely into most of the lacquer-ware for the foreign market, is applied to each part as it is being executed. For this a large and very soft brush is used, and by its aid the gold powder is well rubbed in with the lacquer or varnish. The work is then left to dry for about twenty-four hours, after which the pattern is lightly rubbed over with charcoal made from a particular kind of wood, this process securing evenness of surface. The work is next rubbed with polishing powder, and afterwards carefully wiped." After all this outlining has been done "there still remains a good deal of finishing work, such as the tracing of leaves on

trees, the petals of flowers, the wings of birds, etc. . . . Into all this gold powder enters, the working-in of which requires a light brush and a skilful hand. . . . After this has well dried, a particular kind of lacquer-varnish, known as *yoshimō urushi*, is well rubbed in, and the whole then polished with horn-dust. The polishing process is done with the finger, and is continued until the gold-glitter shows out well."

Academy.

M. BERTRAND (*Revue Archéologique*, September), gives an account of a very remarkable discovery of antiquities at Graeckwyl in the canton of Berne, in 1851. Two *tumuli* were opened, one of them yielding a bronze vase—with ornaments in relief and in the round on the neck and handles—of which an engraving accompanies the article. It is certainly curious, as M. Bertrand remarks, that a vase which from the artistic character of its ornaments can only be compared with Etruscan work, or better still with the gold ornaments from Camirus in Rhodes (in the British Museum and in the Louvre), should be found in the district of Berne, because it is not supposed that much of what is called civilization had reached that quarter till Roman times, whereas the Camirus gold ornaments, which are exact counterparts of those on the Graeckwyl vase, can be confidently assigned to the seventh century B.C. Perhaps the more archaic works of this kind are studied, the more it will be found that they prevail in the Greek islands—*see*, for instance, as to vases and terra-cottas, the guide-books to the first and second vase-rooms of the British Museum. From this evidence such objects could be traced to a period of activity in maritime trade which might readily have attracted patrons or traders from even higher regions of Europe than Berne.